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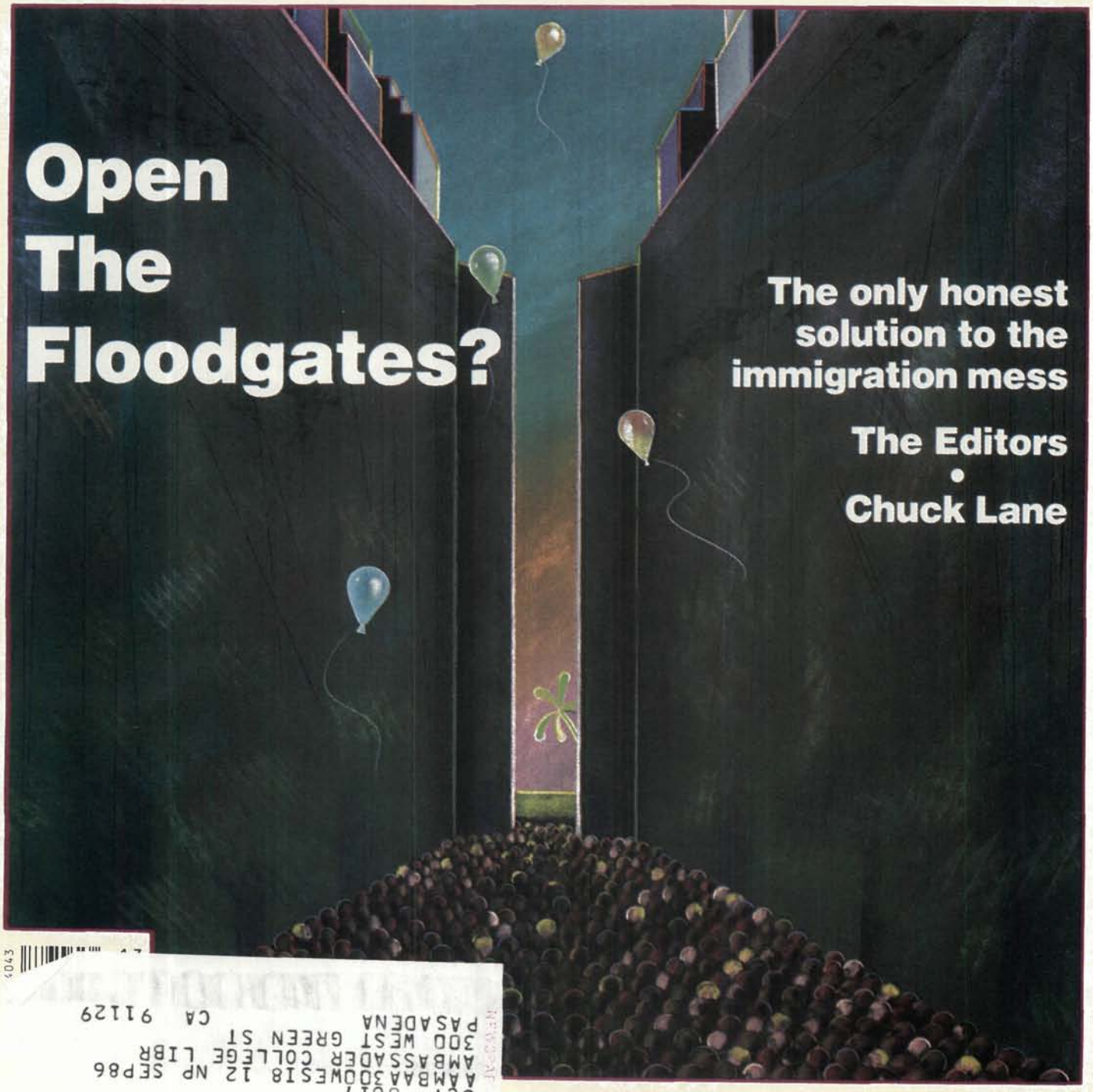

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CORRESPONDENCE

WILL POWER

To the editors:

In a one-paragraph story remarkably congested with confusion, THE NEW REPUBLIC says "George Will has been slumming it again" (Notebook, March 18), a reference to a column I wrote in praise of Elmore Leonard, the novelist. Surely the anonymous (long may he remain so) author of that paragraph did not mean to imply that Leonard is a literary slum. I confess that I cannot fathom what he did mean. The author also wrote that when, last autumn, I wrote that Bruce Springsteen is somewhat in tune with Reagan's times, "Will got hooted back to his country club by Springsteen and his fans." I have it on absolutely reliable authority that Springsteen liked that column. And TNR knows that the voting group that contains the highest proportion of Springsteen fans (18- to 30-year-olds) voted for Reagan more heavily than any other group. The hooting your author heard was for TNR's presidential recommendation.

GEORGE WILL
Chevy Chase, Maryland

FALLING OUT

To the editors:

Herbert E. Steingass (Correspondence, TNR, February 11) says Star Wars is impractical because "when these nuclear missiles encounter a beam in space they are also detonated, giving off lethal gamma radiation." False! Unlike chemical explosives, nuclear bombs cannot be detonated by lasers. It takes a very complex fuse. In fact, several of the proposed Star Wars weapons would mainly work by bollixing up the fusing and guidance mechanisms. The missiles would keep on going, but they would be duds, or miss their targets.

The massive fallout from bombs exploded on or near the ground comes from hundreds—or even thousands—of tons of dirt and rock and buildings, etc., that are vaporized and made radioactive. Fallout from the bomb's own materials would be negligible by comparison. As for damage to the ozone layer by the gamma radiation, we should remember that the ozone layer exists precisely because radiation from the sun and outer space "activates" oxygen molecules. No doubt prematurely exploded missiles would do some damage, but the magnitude of the damage would be far less than if they reached their targets.

GEORGE W. PRICE
Chicago, Illinois

MORE VIEWS ON CREWS

To the editors:

In "The Future of an Illusion" (TNR, January 21) Frederick Crews sees himself standing triumphantly over the grave of psychoanalysis. Had he written this ten, or even five, years ago his thoughts might have been more persuasive. But it is puzzling to read this piece at a time when the psychoanalytic world seems to be undergoing a most lively renaissance.

In attacking the concept of repression, for instance, Crews states that "its loss of scientific favor in all the domains to which Freud applied it deprives the idea of explanatory force." It is not clear to which domains he refers. Systematic observation of children has consistently bolstered the credibility of the principal psychoanalytic understandings of human development, while providing new insights as well. Until recently cognitive psychology has avoided any examination of motivational concepts, such as repression, by ruling out motivation as an experimental variable. Modern work on the foundations of thinking and dreaming, however, has in fact begun to yield evidence for preconscious and even unconscious (repressed) mental contents.

Professor Crews says that the multiplicity of viewpoints within current psychoanalysis represents "dogmatic sects" that demonstrate the bankruptcy of the underlying unity. Would he say the same of the study of literature, a field in which he is presumably more at home? Surely no area of serious intellectual pursuit has produced more divisive schools of thought than academic literary criticism. We are not justified in concluding, however, that there is nothing here of lasting value.

Regarding the clinical application of psychoanalysis, Crews seems to believe that the sought-for end point is the recovery of traumatic memories from early childhood that have somehow caused the adult neurosis. This sounds like a restatement of Freud's original trauma theory of neurosis, long superseded in psychoanalytic thought and practice. Most adult patients are troubled by their attempts to deal with the present, using means and motives that cannot have arisen from a realistic appraisal of current circumstances. In the actual clinical situation the patient rapidly comes to perceive and respond to the analyst in grossly distorted ways. The study of these distortions gives the analyst and the patient insight into the mechanisms of the patient's mind. Forgotten memories do arise in this context. (Where have they been all this time?) Often these memories illustrate episodes from the patient's past life in which he or she used similar mental operations when these were not so distorted, that is, when they made sense, given the developmental circumstances of the patient at the time. One comes to see how creative the mind is in constructing its unique reality. Learning something of these mental processes and of their meanings and motives can be extraordinarily liberating for the patient. Cautiously extrapolated, they tell us something of the human condition.

Perhaps Freud was grandiose in comparing himself with Copernicus and Darwin. This, history will judge. But like the heliocentric planetary system and the theory of evolution, the major discoveries of psychoanalysis will be with us for a good while. Unconscious meanings will continue to move us in astounding and seemingly mysterious ways. How better to explain that a mind as rich and creative as Professor Crews's will sometimes produce such nonsense?

EDWARD L. WHITE, M.D.
Sacramento, California

To the editors:

If we are to be given a choice merely between blind fervor for psychoanalysis and the wholesale disposal favored by people like Crews, then both seem highly suspect. The "holes" in the theory and practice of psychoanalysis are becoming plainer to see with each passing year. Still, for those who attempt the greatest degree of discernment in examining whatever comes before their view, Freud's thought contains much that is not so easily swept aside. It may now be seen to be closer to philosophy

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Thomas Victor

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than science, since statistics are now the voice of authority for most of psychology. But, in its misses as much as its hits, Freud's thought is no less valid as "psychology" in the most literal sense—the study of the *psyche*.

DOUG DAIGLE
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

To the editors:
Frederick Crews nicely identifies the critical arguments Adolf Grünbaum uses in *The Foundations of Psychoanalysis: A Philosophical Critique* to expose the hypothetical quality of psychoanalytic theory. Particularly unsettling is the tendency of the patient to produce material that satisfies the basic assumptions of the theory held by the clinician; the existence of such a tendency has been demonstrated by experimental psychologists.

Other experiments have been designed, however, whose results are suggestive of the existence of some of the constructs of the theory itself: the unconscious, repressed anger in depression, the repressed sexuality in anxiety. This evidence is no more vague and inconclusive than that which demonstrates the tendency for the patient to please the analyst with his material, and yet Mr. Crews is much more likely to credit the latter. But then, Mr. Crews's demand for scientific rigor—experimental design, operationally definable variables, replicability, presumably—is self-congratulatory in the way such a demand can be only from someone who considers himself an enlightened humanist!

Yes, it is true that many of Freud's speculations and assertions seem more the products of his imagination than truths completely determined by the data. Yes, it is true that proof is needed for the hypothesis that patients get well by means of psychoanalysis, and that they get well because of its technique specifically, and not for other reasons. And yes, the adherence of some to psychoanalytic theory includes an unwillingness to be critical, which could be called delusionary.

But data from psychologists and anthropologists as well as from psychoanalysts show the tendency of human beings to find patterns in stimuli and to assign meaning, often common across environments and cultures, to significant life events and relationships. It is thus not surprising that many aspects of Freudian theory are so easily grasped, remembered, and used by even the casual interpreter, for while Crews calls such Freudian ideas merely "gratuitous," many others would call them gratuitous just because they are evocative of the truth. Defending Freudian concepts with the phrase "evocative of the truth" rather than with the word "true" may make me hermeneutical rather than scientific. Yet even so, at this time there is still no other theory of personality that is so comprehensive, so apt to "tally" with personal awareness, so intellectually suggestive. Reasons, perhaps, for Mr. Crews's original "blind assent"?

SUSANNE W. HERSHEY
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

KAUS KEEP OUT

To the editors:
The most objective thought in Mickey Kaus's "Neoliberals Keep Out" (TNR, February 25) was probably his confession to being a "nerd." Both my gay friend who is a schoolteacher and my gay friend who is a physician will be relieved to learn that, according to Kaus, gays are no longer an oppressed group. Perhaps they can now end the elaborate half-truths they have had to construct to hide the fact that their roommates are really their lovers, that they do not bring dates to social functions because their jobs would be terminated, etc. (In most places it is perfectly legal and common for employees to be fired simply because they are gay, by the way.) Before Mr. Kaus pontificates about gays' not being oppressed, he should visit one of over 30 states in this country where private consensual sex between adult homosexuals is a crime.

DANIEL R. POGUE LAYMAN
Chicago, Illinois

To the editors:
Barney's Beanery in West Hollywood was forced to remove a sign over the bar that read "Fagots Stay Out," and Mickey Kaus feels some of the establishment's "local color" was lost. We suppose Selma, Alabama, has lost some of its local color too, with the enactment of civil rights laws affecting blacks. Kaus goes on through some amazingly convoluted logic, concluding that he doesn't have any problems with gays, it's just their "life-style" he disapproves of. It's hard to see how a gay person, or a black, or a Hispanic, could walk into Barney's, read a sign saying "Fagots Stay Out," or "Nigger Stay Out," or "Spic Stay Out," dismiss it as part of the bar's local color, and feel welcome there. Kaus says he's against discrimination but its symbols are all right. At the same time he wants diversity, he champions the kinds of actions that make it impossible. He would tolerate the intolerant at some "appropriately trivial level" without realizing what may seem trivial to one person could be plain offensive to another. The muddled thinking behind Kaus's piece leads us to wonder about current "neoliberals" and the judgment of THE NEW REPUBLIC.

CRAIG MACHADO
DICK HASBANY
San Francisco, California

AMTRAK FIRES BACK

To the editors:
After years of enjoying TNR's sarcastic digs at tax-deductible business expenses, I thought Amtrak would get a pat for pointing out the cost to the government of business travel on the major airlines. Instead Amtrak gets a lot of indignant sputtering: "A ridiculous argument . . . It is not a 'subsidy' to allow deductions for necessary business travel. . . . If this is the best case Amtrak can make, it's pretty pathetic" (Notebook, TNR, March 18). We've never called the $33-per-passenger figure for the airlines a "subsidy." We've simply pointed out that about 65 percent of revenues for major airlines come from business travel and so end up as income tax deductions. Applying the same arithmetic to Amtrak, incidentally, gives you an average cost to the government of two dollars a passenger for business travel deductions. With an average cost of $32 a passenger for direct operating subsidy, Amtrak's per-passenger cost to the government comes to $34.

TIMOTHY P. GARDNER
Vice President
Amtrak
Washington, D.C.

The editors reply:
The deduction of legitimate business travel expenses is not a "cost to the government." Business expenses are deductible because the income tax is on net profits, not gross revenue. To compare this to the direct government subsidy of Amtrak is, we repeat, absurd.

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FROM WASHINGTON

DEMOCRATS IN OZ

Every time you think the Democrats finally have hit bottom and can't sink any lower, they prove you wrong. Consider just the past few weeks. First there was the grotesque rock-video State of the Union reply, which featured a series of party figures apologizing for Walter Mondale to a thumping musical background. Next came the race for party chairman, in which a bunch of people no one had ever heard of, and who stood for nothing discernible, spent hundreds of thousands of dollars on buttons and receptions and consultants in a pathetic parody of a presidential primary campaign, which seems to be the only thing Democrats know how to do. Then the party's historic woman standard bearer—whom we had been asked to accept as a person of weight and stature despite her inexperience—made a Diet Pepsi commercial.

Finally (so far), the first weekend in March, Democratic members of Congress assembled at the Greenbrier resort in West Virginia to ponder the party's future. The featured speaker opening night was a "motivational expert" named Lou Tice, who advised the leaders of the world's oldest political party to "Sing it: 'I'm off to *be* the wizard, the wonderful Wizard of Oz. I know I am a whiz of a wiz because of the wonderful things I does.' "

The other Democratic advisers at the Greenbrier included: a Silicon Valley PR man and disciple of John "Megatrends" Naisbitt, who told them about the importance of "high touch," whatever that is; a "marketing expert" named Ira Weinstein whose motto is "It's in to be in and it's out to be out"; David Gergen, President Reagan's former director of communications; and Lee Iacocca, chairman of Chrysler Corporation. Some Democrats see Iacocca as the great white hope, his main advantage being that he is a national figure who is not perceived as a Democrat.

Iacocca delivered his usual xenophobic tirade against the Japanese, saying they are a worse threat than the Russians. His speech, especially an arch delivery of the word "sayonara," struck several members of the audience as racist. If any serious political ideas were raised at the Greenbrier except for Iacocca's protectionist, corporate-state ravings, they didn't leak out. All sessions but one were closed to the press.

They were not, however, closed to any corporate and union lobbyists willing to pay $5,000 for the privilege of attending. Among those who paid were representatives of General Electric, the American Trial Lawyers Association, Chevron, the United Auto Workers, the investment bank of Morgan Stanley, and Charls E. Walker and Associates. Walker is Washington's leading lobbyist for corporate tax loopholes.

The Washington Post's report on the Democrats' retreat appeared directly opposite a report on the annual Conservative Political Action Conference in Washington. While the Democratic representatives were palling around with corporate lobbyists, the conservatives were cheering Representative Jack Kemp for saying: "There is no reason conservatives should support tax breaks and subsidies for corporations."

What does the Democratic party stand for? Some leading governors and senators have formed what wags are calling the "white male caucus" (the founders call it the "Democratic Leadership Council") to move the party toward the center. They want Democrats to talk about growth, strength, opportunity, and so on. Fine. But what future is there in the slogan "We're just like the Republicans, only less so"?

While inveighing with great success against Big Government, the Republicans have quietly made their peace with all the Big Government programs created by the Democrats that people actually like. With striking ineptitude, the Democrats have let President Reagan steal tax reform, which used to be their issue. (Jimmy Carter won votes calling the tax system "a disgrace to the human race." Walter Mondale worried about offending people who take deductions.)

continued on page 42

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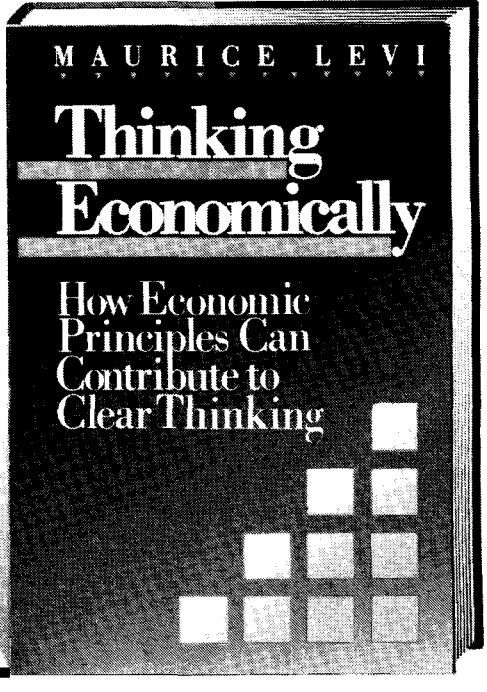

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
APRIL 1, 1985

THE HONEST SOLUTION

For three years now, Senator Alan Simpson and Representative Romano Mazzoli have been trying to get their colleagues to agree on a comprehensive reform of America's immigration laws. This is a huge task, and a delicate one. Huge, because immigration laws are devilishly complicated, and Congress has seldom overhauled them to suit changing conditions. Delicate, because throughout our history the debate over immigration policy has often been tinged with xenophobia and racism. Simpson and Mazzoli have done an admirable job of keeping such ugly sentiments out of the debate, but they have not been able to get a bill through. Apparently, though, they are going to try again this year.

Why are they going to all this trouble? Mainly, they say, in order to halt illegal immigration. To have so many job-seekers pouring over our southern border is an intolerable affront to national sovereignty, a recipe for general lawlessness, and a threat to Americans' wages and working conditions. The tide must be stopped in order to stave off a backlash by native Americans, and to prevent the development of a large unassimilated cultural minority.

The failure of the bill so far results from classic special-interest politics. Hispanic activists have been the most outspoken opponents, arguing that the bill's sanctions against employers who hire illegals invite bias against all "foreign-looking" workers. They have been joined—strange bedfellows!—by Western agricultural interests, who simply want to continue the profitable practice of hiring illegals. Meanwhile, conservative groups, nativist legislators such as Representative Kent Hance of Texas, and immigration control lobbies such as the Federation of Americans for Immigration Reform fear that the bill's offer of amnesty for illegals who already live here would reward lawbreakers and encourage further illegal immigration.

But fundamentally, the deadlock over Simpson-Mazzoli stems from the country's chronic ambivalence about America's traditional role as the world's refuge. Americans never have been able to decide between opening a golden door, and keeping America the way it is—ethnically, culturally, economically. Really it's a debate over who deserves the highest distinction in the world—to be an American, with all the rights of American citizenship.

We side with advocates of an open door. (See Chuck Lane's article on page 20.) Immigration created America. Our generous offer of refuge to oppressed and desperate peoples sets us shiningly apart from older societies. Someday America may bump up against ecological or social limits to its capacity to absorb more people from abroad. But until then, we'll go by the overwhelming evidence from our history—and from current events—which is that immigration pays off in greater economic and cultural vitality.

Illegal immigration is not good for America. But not for the reasons that are usually put forward. The threat of job displacement is exaggerated. Now that the baby boom has given way to the "baby bust," we may even need immigrants to fill a labor shortage in the next few decades. As for the other worries about the impact of the illegals, we don't detect a noticeable rise in overall lawlessness that can be traced directly to illegal immigration. Nor do we see how our sovereignty has been significantly compromised.

The real problem with illegals is that they may become a permanent servant class, latter-day indentured servants whom we depend on for their labor, but who live as fearful, second-class citizens on the margins of our society. This may not be bad for the economy, but it corrodes the polity. As Lawrence Fuchs, a Brandeis professor who specializes in immigration, puts it: "We'd be a healthier society if the 14th Amendment covered everybody." As it stands, we are being hypocritical: we benefit from the illegals' work, but deny them the rights that other productive members of our society enjoy.

One way to deal with this hypocrisy would be to sanction it legally—to pass a law turning illegal aliens into "guest workers." That is the approach Congress seems to favor at the moment. Last year the House adopted legislation that would admit Mexicans as guest workers to pick perishable crops, and Simpson is reportedly willing to accept something like it in a comprehensive immigration bill. Such a program would simply codify the second-class citizenship of the illegals. Not only is this wrong, it is imprac-

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tical. We cannot expect people to come here to work year after year, yet not to try to bring their families. We cannot expect immigrant workers to segregate themselves from the rest of society, nor should we force them to.

IF ILLEGAL immigration is bad, and if legal immigration is basically good, then the obvious solution is to declare that all immigration is legal. You needn't be prepared to go that far, however, to recognize that there are steps we can take to reduce the bad effects of illegal immigration and to maximize the benefits of legal immigration. If we are to have immigration limits, they must be enforced. That probably means some form of employer sanctions.

On the pro-immigration side, reform ought to mean more than just amnesty. Current immigration law is a morass of arbitrary quotas and untenable distinctions. It thwarts our generous instincts and makes illegal immigration the only option for thousands. Substantially raising the ceiling on overall legal immigration and removing the system of preference categories—neither of which the authors of Simpson-Mazzoli are prepared to do—would make fewer of those who come here illegal, rid the immigration system of its more egregious inequities, and broaden the mix of legal entrants.

Indeed, it might be possible to address all the various worries about immigrants' effects on our culture, economy, and polity simply by establishing a single set of admissions criteria. Immigrants would have to commit themselves to developing some testable degree of English proficiency; they would have to be unlikely to go on welfare (that's already in the law); and they would have to agree to work for a living. Beyond that, let 'em come.

Yet even if the mix of immigrants were broadened, we would face a formidable challenge of cultural assimilation, both because many immigrants would still be from a single region, Latin America, and because there is a big pro-bilingualism lobby in this country. We take a pretty hard line against bilingualism. Sooner or later immigrants will have to learn English in order to assimilate, and it should be a condition of citizenship that they do so. For the most part, however, we're willing to rely on a combination of practical wisdom and common sense to help the newcomers assimilate. It worked for our ancestors, and we see no reason why it shouldn't work now.

The immigration debate thus far has tended to ignore the importance of common sense as a way of dealing with social change. While Congress has been wrangling with Simpson-Mazzoli, and politicians have been filling the air with dire warnings of what will happen if we don't gain control of our borders, immigrants have been arriving from every corner of the globe, settling here, and establishing themselves as Americans, all without noticeable injury to the country. In fact, America has gotten richer and more interesting. The immigration "emergency" may not be an emergency at all, but rather the repetition of a familiar and beneficial feature of America's demographic history. Any law we pass this year ought to take that possibility into consideration.

NOTEBOOK

□ WITH THIS ISSUE, Fred Barnes joins the staff of THE NEW REPUBLIC as senior editor. Fred was most recently national political correspondent of *The Baltimore Sun*. His journalistic career also has included stints at *The Washington Star* and *The Charleston* (S.C.) *News and Courier*, as well as a Nieman Fellowship at Harvard in 1977-78. He is a graduate of the University of Virginia and the United States Army. Readers may remember Fred as the man who asked President Reagan, during last fall's presidential debates, what his religious beliefs are and, if they're so deep, why he doesn't go to church. Fred will be writing primarily about the White House, politics, and the media.

□ ALSO WITH THIS ISSUE, Robert Kuttner gets his own line on the masthead as economics correspondent. This is simply an overdue recognition of the important role Bob has been playing and will continue to play in our pages. And while we're on the subject, we might as well give another plug for his recently published book. It's called *The Economic Illusion: False Choices Between Prosperity and Social Justice* and it's published by Houghton Mifflin.

□ MORE GOOD NEWS: Michael Walzer's new book, *Exodus and Revolution*, was recently published by Basic Books. As a matter of policy, we don't review books by our contributing editors, but we'll go ahead and quote from someone who did. "Mr. Walzer," Robert McAfee Brown wrote in *The New York Times Book Review*, "weaves a brilliant tapestry composed of strands of the biblical story, commentaries on it and reports of subsequent revolutionary activity that employ the same strands but weave them into new patterns." Robert Pinsky, TNR's poetry editor, recently won the Poetry Society of America's 1984 William Carlos Williams Prize for his collection of poems, *History of My Heart*.

□ HOW'S THIS for objectivity and balance? " 'Repent, repeal' stricter IRS car rule," read the top page-one headline in the March 6 *USA Today* ("The Nation's Newspaper"). The story began: "Strict new IRS regulations on auto business deductions are about the dumbest federal rules existing, congressmen and businessmen said Tuesday. . . ." By paragraph four, the IRS was being accused of "writing regulations that would make the Gestapo proud." These totalitarian regulations would require taxpayers to document their use of private cars for business purposes if they wish to deduct the cost. The IRS estimates that illegitimate auto deductions cost the government three billion dollars a year. That's just about enough to pay for the entire student loan program, to name but one currently contentious example of government spending.

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□ ESCHEWING LAVISHNESS MADE EASY: "He had a private elevator that hoisted him to his spacious fourth-floor office in Atlanta, and an adjoining private kitchen with a full chef's staff. A plain man in his tastes, and informal by nature, Mr. Woodruff eschewed lavishness in his five homes. . . . His address in New York was a comfortable cooperative apartment in River House on the East River. There was a small home in Wilmington, Del., and a 4,600-acre cattle and horse ranch in Cody, Wyo. . . . In addition, Mr. Woodruff owned Ichuaway, a 47,000-acre plantation near Albany, Ga., which made him the state's largest individual landowner"—obituary of Robert Woodruff, former chairman of Coca-Cola, in *The New York Times*, March 9.

□ MEANWHILE, IN THE MIDDLE EAST . . . *The Christian Science Monitor*, March 6, editorial criticizing establishment of a U.S.-Israel free-trade zone: "Congress is not likely even to consider questions such as why not similar treatment for other countries such as Egypt. . . ." *The Christian Science Monitor*, same paper, same day, page-one lead story: "Egypt was offered a parallel free trade arrangement some two years ago and rejected it."

□ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "The general policy . . . will be criticized, of course, as isolationist; as turning our back upon a suffering world, as failure to do all that we possibly can do to make an end of the horror of armed combat. This is a case, however, where statesmanship requires that we look beyond emotional appeals to the hard reality. Reality tells us that in the European war that looms ever nearer, there is little if any reason to draw moral distinctions between the two groups of combatants; that whatever the high purpose with which any nation may enter a war, these are quickly dissipated under the pressure of events; and that another world holocaust would probably mean the destruction of Western civilization as we have known it in the past." (The Editors, "Can We Stay Out?" April 3, 1935.)

The governors' bidding wars.

WHAT GOODS FOR GM

SOON AFTER General Motors's January announcement that it was looking for somewhere to build a $3.5 billion manufacturing and assembly complex for its new Saturn Corporation line of subcompact cars, governors from 17 states began pilgrimages to Detroit to offer various "incentive" packages to lure Saturn into their states. Though most details of the offers have been kept secret, officials admit they include free land; free highway, rail, and sewer extensions; cut-rate utilities; free or subsidized worker training; tax-exempt financing; and myriad other tax breaks. Missouri is reportedly offering GM a total package worth about one billion dollars.

Soon after the governors' processions had begun, GM reported record 1984 profits of $4.5 billion. What did not follow was a serious public debate over whether it makes sense for government to be subsidizing the largest—and one of the least needy—industrial corporations in the world.

WELL, THERE WAS *some* debate. It happened February 26 on "The Phil Donahue Show." Phil invited GM chairman Roger Smith and six state governors to explain the negotiations and field questions from the audience. Smith, who appeared first, denied that GM is sponsoring a "bidding war." Then the governors came out and pitted themselves against each other in a cacophony of non sequiturs and boosterism, effectively disproving Smith's assertion. Iowa governor Terry Branstad pledged on the air to pay half the salaries of Saturn workers during their training period if only GM would locate Saturn in Iowa. "It's an opportunity for us to say that in Iowa our students were number one in SAT scores last year," Branstad said illogically.

It's easy to see why politicians are going a little gaga over the chance to land the new plant. Saturn, say its proponents, will create 6,000 jobs directly and perhaps another 20,000 indirectly. Not only that but, as GM's answer to the Japanese challenge, Saturn, with its advanced technologies and management practices, could help put the state that lands it at the center of the map of American industrial renovation.

Many communities have rallied to the cause, sending GM officials thousands of roses and mailbags full of letters. There are Saturn buttons appearing on lapels in Missouri, Saturn T-shirts in Illinois, Saturn rallies and radio jingles in Ohio. GM executives, driving to work on the freeways of Detroit, are treated to "We Want Saturn" billboards courtesy of whichever state entourage happens to be in town that day. Encouraged by the public's enthusiasm, politicians seem eager to raise the stakes. Illinois governor Jim Thompson, for instance, countered Michigan governor James Blanchard's promise to best any other state's offer by claiming that Illinois would beat any incentive package Michigan could dream up.

GM freely admits that it will build the plant in the United States with or without government help. As far as the country as a whole is concerned, then, the handouts will stimulate no new investment. They are simply a windfall to GM. Furthermore, the dubious cause for which the governors entered the bidding war—luring Saturn away from somebody else's state and into their own—is almost certainly futile. Though GM officials deny it, knowledgeable observers strongly suspect that GM weeks ago eliminated most of the states currently bidding and may have even already picked the site. James Harbour, a Detroit manufacturing-cost consultant, insists that to minimize

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the key factor, shipping costs, GM almost certainly will locate Saturn in one of a few states near the center of the company's distributional network for small cars: Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois.

But even if GM is seriously considering all these locations, bidding with tax breaks is still a self-defeating strategy. Many, many studies over the past decade have shown that tax breaks—though they cost government plenty—simply don't count for much to corporations deciding where to build plants and facilities. Other factors—labor and transportation costs, for instance—are so much more crucial to long-term profitability that they tend to swamp the decision-making process.

It's conceivable that tax gifts might sway GM's decision only in the very unlikely event that the contest narrows to two or more sites that offer equivalent advantages. "Even then," explains Michael Kieschnick, who was economic adviser to California governor Jerry Brown, "a government shouldn't offer anything until it sees the competition." The worst possible strategy, says Kieschnick—the one most of the states are unfortunately taking—is for a government to give GM its best shot early. "You can be sure that GM is going to come back in a second round and try to extract more concessions," Kieschnick predicts. GM, of course, denies this intention.

POLITICS HAS a lot to do with the governors' willingness to give away the store. An appearance of being activist and bringing in jobs is vital, even if the concessions don't make sense on a strict cost-benefit basis. Two other factors muddy the waters, too, and make rational policy-making impossible.

First, part of the incentive package is invariably an offer to finance plant construction through tax-exempt "industrial revenue bonds." The businesses pay a lower interest rate because the interest is free of federal income tax. The cost of this "incentive" is borne not by the locality that issues the bond on the corporation's behalf, but by the federal government. In effect, all the nation's taxpayers are financing all sides of an insane bidding war among individual states.

Second, even when states pay the cost themselves, they are not free to make a rational decision because of corporations' ability to play each state off against the others. Taxes and regulations, in order to be effective, must be monopolies. The people decide democratically what level of taxation and what regulations they wish to have, and then the state enforces the people's will. But individual states cannot enforce the people's will on national corporations. There is no solution to this problem as long as revenue raising and regulation are done at the state level.

Though GM and other corporations don't need the tax gifts, they're perfectly happy to get them and are willing to promote ideas that keep them coming. "Business interests will argue that tax inducements matter, if only because they reflect a proper business 'environment' or 'attitude,' " explains Bill Schweke of the Corporation for Enterprise Development. "It's what you might call 'psycho-economics.' " Corporate CEOs have ample opportunities to peddle their "psycho-economics" these days because so many governors want to buy them lunch. "I served over 100 days last year outside Minnesota," bragged Governor Rudy Perpich on the Donahue show, "traveling the world, literally, to tell many corporations and chief executives what kind of environment they want." Schweke considers the talk of healthy business environments as "mostly bogus" because tax inducements help a few large and profitable corporations while doing nothing for the thousands of not-yet-profitable (hence, not yet taxable) start-up companies that are the real source of job growth.

An example of the power of "psycho-economics" is the recent rash of mandatory seat belt laws state governments have begun enacting in the last few weeks. GM favors mandatory seat belt laws because Transportation Secretary Elizabeth Dole has said that if two-thirds of the nation's population is covered by them in 1989, she will not require automakers to install airbags in their new cars.

When GM's Roger Smith was asked what a state had to do to get GM officials to listen to a pitch for Saturn, he is said to have replied—"jokingly"—"just show up with a seat belt law." Not surprisingly, as soon as Illinois governor Jim Thompson heard about Saturn, he immediately signed a seat belt bill that had been gathering dust on his desk. Legislatures in Missouri and Michigan soon followed. "What we're doing is answering Illinois," said Missouri Senate president John E. Scott, who was hoping to get the bill through to Missouri governor John Ashcroft before *his* visit to Detroit. "It will get our foot in the door," the senator said.

"Mr. Smith was being facetious when he said that thing about the seat belt law," a GM spokesman said. "Unfortunately some people took it seriously." Very funny.

PAUL GLASTRIS

Paul Glastris is a Chicago journalist who has written for *The Washington Monthly*.

SAHARA POSTCARD

GIFTS OF THE DESERT

RIGHT ACROSS the Sahara run immemorial caravan-routes. Heavy-duty trucks have beaten a wide track, or *piste*, marked the whole way by rusting cars and the carcasses of sheep that were unable to withstand the conditions in which they were transported. Every few hundred kilometers is an oasis, its houses built against the sun in baked mud, then daubed a dark rich ocher. In the sweltering and sandy marketsquares of these places—El Golea, Insalah, Adrar, Timimoun, Tamanrasset—rally parties of Land Rovers and Mercedes Unimogs, Peugeots and Toyotas.

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A generation of Europeans, for the most part Germans and Swiss and French, are enjoying themselves as grease monkeys and rolling stones, as often as not on daddy's money. The men are bearded and the girls half-naked, in contrast to the Chaamba or Touareg of the Sahara who go veiled, and whose women stay as invisible as possible. Each passing vehicle, with its jerricans of fuel and water, supplies of food and whisky, tents and cameras, represents tens of thousands of dollars. The inhabitants of the Sahara, with no productive work to do, and virtually nothing to sell, gather around the new caravans. They have to squeeze a subsistence out of them.

Donne moi un cadeau is the general demand. Children go barefoot, and they wear little more than a ragged shift. They beg first for pens, then for a sweater or shirt. Their elders complain of headaches and plead for aspirin. The headaches are symptoms of hunger. Baffled by these encounters, the Europeans drive on southward through Algeria, across the empty quarter of the Tanezrouft, to the Algerian-Mali border at Bordj Mokhtar. The formalities at the frontier-crossing last hours.

Mali, one of the world's poorest countries, is emerging hesitantly from the Soviet model of socialism, which until lately was held to be an integral aspect of independence. But socialism proved unable either to maintain past achievement or to prepare for future improvement. As the Europeans travel into the country, they must stop at villages along the way. Permissions are paid for, prohibitions imposed—it is forbidden to visit the ruined city of Es-Souk, where in the 16th century Arab missionaries converted the local Songhai to Islam, for example, because the *piste* passes within a dozen kilometers of the state penitentiary at Kidal. Policing of the kind has to do with laying hands on enough to eat. The *chef de brigade* and his men who serve the coffee all ask for presents, and indeed, depend upon receiving them.

GAO IS the terminal of the ancient caravan-route. After the final few hundred kilometers of broken terrain, palms at last break the horizon. Thin rows of maize or patches of melons color the floor of the desert, and suddenly the river Niger gleams ahead in an unexpected blue-green ribbon of water, a mile or more in width. Gao was once a city as prosperous and historic as Timbuktu, its rival entrepôt up-river. Here was the capital of the Mandingo king, Mansa Musa, one of the greatest of medieval African rulers. As in Timbuktu, so in Gao he built a mosque to be a center of learning and piety. Songhai rulers succeeded the Mandingos and the most powerful of these, Askia Muhammad, conquered an empire extending to modern Chad and Nigeria. The Askia dynasty was overthrown in 1591, when, in an astonishing feat of arms, a Moorish army complete with artillery crossed the entire Sahara. By the time Europeans began to explore the Niger in the early 19th century, tribal warfare had reduced the whole region to misery.

The present population of Gao is said to be at least 30,000, with estimates that two or three times as many may have moved in from the drought-stricken Sahel. From dawn onward, the market preoccupies virtually everybody. The daily risk is that deprivation will slide into starvation. Stalls of one sort and another spread across the town-center. Smiths are forging nails for the *pirogues* or for canoes on the river. Leather workers hammer at skins and make sandals. Here is a store for rice from Togo; another for salt blocks from Morocco.

The children somehow sort out among themselves which of the various Europeans they are going to attach themselves to. The children move in packs, and are experts on the proceedings at the police station, where forms have to be filled out, declarations signed, passport photos stamped. In return for more and more fees, other offices with different officials grant different permits for tourism, for photography, for a canoe expedition across the Niger, for *droit de passage*, whatever that may be. Arguments flare up in these offices, the attendant children look grave and advise what to pay or to withhold. They recognize present-giving in all its forms.

The Europeans gather in the Hotel Atlantide, and they exchange stories about present-giving. Cholera is raging in the Sahel, and an Italian says he had the job of delivering vaccine to a hospital north of here, which he did, only to find that there were no needles for the hypodermic syringe. Italian money originally built the hospital; equipment and medicines were then donated by America. The Germans endowed it with a generator, but it required petrol and there was none. Without electricity, the equipment has sanded over, and is useless; the medicines have spoiled. Outside the hotel, trucks from France have arrived, part of a program rhetorically dubbed "Camions de l'Espoir." Some brand-new and vitamin-packed nutritive biscuit is inside, by the ton, says one of the drivers, but the consistency is such that nobody can swallow the stuff.

These are not natural disasters like drought, but man-made. Must generosity serve to reinforce failure and corruption? Uncertain whom to blame, dispirited, resentful of paying fees and fines to officialdom, the Europeans take to spending their time in the bar of the Hotel Atlantide. Within sight, one among the horde of children lies permanently in the dust of the square. Naked, he hauls himself along by the elbows, with his legs withered under him: presumable a victim of polio. In the heat of the day, a smart white Land Rover with UNICEF markings draws up. The passengers hurriedly scramble, one almost stepping on the crippled boy. It could be that such visitors no longer notice one more emergency among so many. As practiced out here, present-giving evolves from the expression of human solidarity into a moral degradation for giver and taker.

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

David Pryce-Jones writes regularly about the Middle East and is the author of *The Face of Defeat: Palestinian Refugees and Guerrillas.*

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A coalition of violence in Europe.

THE NEW TERRORISM

WHAT IS BEING called the "new terrorism" in Western Europe began, in early 1982, with a dramatic setback for terrorists. After more than a month in captivity chained to a cot, American Brigadier General James L. Dozier was freed in a spectacular raid by the Italian police, and his Red Brigades kidnappers arrested. The failure of the abduction seemed an apt symbol for the end of a decade of terror in Europe. Instead, the Dozier kidnappers marked a new beginning by designating a new target: the North Atlantic Treaty Alliance.

The Red Brigades' communiqué released just after Dozier's abduction eerily foreshadowed the wave of bombings and assassinations directed against NATO in recent months. Claiming an alliance with the West German Red Army Faction—known, in a previous incarnation, as the Baader-Meinhof gang—the document said the two groups were "standing together in the forefront of the attack against the war schemes incarnated by NATO."

This winter, the terrorists made good on their 1982 communiqué. At least 40 bombs in West Germany and 20 in Belgium aimed at NATO facilities have exploded over the last three months. American military targets in Portugal, Spain, the Netherlands, and Greece also have been attacked. In late January Brigadier General Rene Audran, director of arms sales at the French defense ministry, was killed outside his house in a Paris suburb. One week later, Ernst Zimmermann, a West German industrialist whose company makes engines for NATO tanks and fighter planes, was murdered at home in Munich.

Besides targeting NATO—a tactic also favored by terrorists in the late 1960s—terrorist groups are openly proclaiming that they collaborate. On January 15 the Red Army Faction and France's Direct Action announced an alliance to "fight NATO and other imperialists." They took joint responsibility for killing Audran a few weeks later. While the string of bombings was credited to a number of groups—including a new Belgian organization called the Fighting Communist Cells—the explosives used in many of the attacks were stolen from the same Belgian quarry in June 1984.

The emphasis on NATO and joint action reflects the advent of a different kind of terrorist and an attempt to capitalize on changing public opinion in Europe. The initial terror of the 1970s was the work of ideological middle- and upper-class youths who pronounced themselves disgusted with "bourgeois" society. By the end of the decade, many of the ideologues—particularly the Italians and West Germans—renounced violence. Most are now in jail. That left a core of members who were not especially ideological, but simply violent. Claire Sterling, author of *The Terror Network*, calls them "the thugs of the twenty-first century."

But the new terrorists do not lack political sophistication. Now that cruise and Pershing missiles have been deployed in Europe, the terrorists are aiming to win the support of the frustrated fringes of the peace movement who failed to halt the deployment peacefully.

Increased cooperation among the terrorists was a practical necessity in order to wage an effective campaign against NATO. The Audran assassination, although carried out on French soil with the help of Direct Action, seems to have been planned and executed primarily by the more experienced RAF, according to French authorities. Six alleged members of the RAF were captured with plans for the destruction of a NATO fuel pipeline in Belgium that was eventually bombed by the Fighting Communist Cells. While European officials doubt that a central command directs the attacks, they are convinced the terrorists are sharing resources and information.

The sophistication of some of the bombings and their anti-NATO bent have prompted Sterling and other terrorism specialists to accuse the Soviet Union and its allies of complicity. While it is highly unlikely that Eastern European intelligence services are actually directing the attacks, they have shown a definite interest in terrorist activities and probably do provide some logistical support. General Dozier's Red Brigades kidnappers revealed during their trial that the Bulgarian secret service had offered them guns and explosives in return for any information about NATO they could extract from Dozier.

Then there is what might be called the "trickle down" effect of terrorism. The Soviets do openly supply weapons to extreme Arab regimes and groups like the PLO, which in turn sell them to Western European terrorists. These same countries and "liberation movements" also train terrorists. Terrorists arrested this fall in Western Europe were carrying passports showing they had recently returned from Soviet satellites, particularly South Yemen, a notorious training ground for the terrorist elite.

WHATEVER THE EXTENT of the East bloc's role in promoting terrorism, most government officials in the West are reluctant to point a finger at Moscow or its allies in public. No one wants to upset East-West discussions on larger issues like arms control—especially since there is no consensus on the extent of East bloc assistance to terrorists. Heinrich Boge, head of the West German national police, recently told the French magazine *Le Nouvel Observateur* that "we don't have the slightest indication, the slightest proof, of such a conspiracy [between totalitarian regimes and Western European terrorism]." State Department officials echo his comment.

But in private, some countries have voiced their displeasure to Eastern European diplomats. Last spring a State Department official warned the Soviet bloc ambassadors that they could not expect relations with the United States to improve until they ceased their involvement in international terrorism. The warnings, issued privately, were made public and denied by the Bulgarian foreign ministry.

Other solutions exist, but they entail greater judicial,

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police, and intelligence cooperation within Western Europe. France, for example, has been criticized by its allies for granting asylum to alleged terrorists and refusing to extradite them. There are currently 120 Italians in France wanted by the Italian authorities for terrorist activities. French officials have in the past refused to extradite anyone on the grounds that the Italian government has no case against them. There are signs the French are willing to get tougher. They recently returned several Basques to Spain, and are now at least talking to Rome about its extradition request.

Another problem has been the tendency to back down out of fear of reprisals. Sterling argued in her book that terrorists in the 1970s were spurred on when they realized how easily most governments gave in to them. The same errors are being repeated today. Acting on information made available last November by the arrest in Switzerland of a Shiite Moslem, the Italian police picked up seven more Shiites who were carrying plans to blow up the American Embassy in Rome. A Swiss diplomat was kidnapped shortly thereafter. In what appears to be an informal quid pro quo, the Swiss released the original suspect and the terrorists released the diplomat. The Italians later released three of their seven suspects after a threat was made against the Italian peacekeeping contingent stationed in Lebanon. The Italian government claimed it did not have enough evidence against the suspects. A policy of making no deals with terrorists is likely to produce occasional tragedies, but it would do much to discourage terrorism in the long run.

Ideally, the Europeans would revive a French proposal first made in 1975 that called for "extradition or prosecution": if a terrorist is caught outside the country where he operated, he would have to be extradited or tried. The French backed away from their own initiative when critics charged it would weaken French sovereignty and would invite reprisals from terrorists who otherwise might leave France alone. Now there is talk within the European Community of adopting a similar plan. And the French minister of justice has proposed creating a European Court to try accused terrorists when extradition requests are refused.

Ultimately, the new coordination among terrorists could prove damaging to their own cause. European governments now recognize that they have to cooperate more closely than before, when terrorism was viewed as a problem for each country to work out on its own. Also, by letting in outsiders from other countries the terrorists will become more vulnerable to infiltration by Western intelligence services. As the recent terrorism campaign was carried out by a very small number of people, a coordinated counteroffensive can go a long way toward dismantling the new terror network. Police estimate there are only about 15 active members of the Belgian FCC, 30 in Direct Action (19 of whom are in jail), and 20 hard-core RAF adherents. If only a few more terrorists are brought to trial and jailed, the anti-NATO army will be defeated.

ANTONY J. BLINKEN

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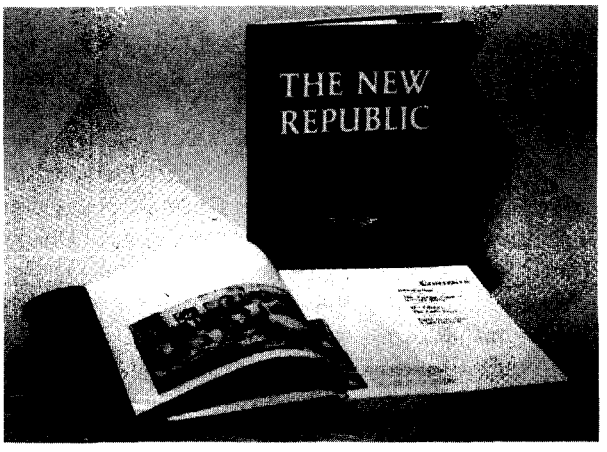

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Who else will protect our countryside?

FARMERS AND THE LAND

IF I HAD been elected president last year, I would have vetoed the farm credit relief legislation. The measure was a knee-jerk (if not simply a jerk's) response to the plight of some farmers on the part of not only legislators from the farm states but far too many city Democrats. It proposed the kind of bailout that has brought government aid to needy groups into so much disrepute. But having said that, farming still needs our support.

Whenever there is a "farm crisis," the ignorance and prejudices of our urban society are revealed. There is almost no understanding, or even attempt at understanding, our interest in sustaining a healthy agriculture, and with it a vigorous, distinct rural society. Most of the commentary on farming is written by people who were not raised on a farm; have perhaps never been and certainly never worked on a farm. Rather they use the countryside for skiing, wilderness hiking, white-water rafting, or summering in some irrepressibly quaint cottage or condominium on the edge of a potato field not too far from the interstate.

Generations of piffle spoken in defense of the small farmer by farmers and city folk alike have created a false picture of him. The phrases "small farmer" and "family farmer" have to be used with care these days, because technology has so altered the character of farming. For the moment we may speak of the individual farmer. Our interest in preserving the individual farmer is not primarily utilitarian. We do not have farmers only to supply us with food. If the efficient production of food were our only interest, we could virtually do without the individual farmer.

It is also difficult to defend the individual farmer on the ground that his "way of life" is a model for us all. Farmers are not noticeably selfless or public-spirited. What most French peasants did after the Second World War was hide their wheat until the price of flour in the devastated and starving cities of France skyrocketed, a meanness that cannot be attributed solely to the fact that they were French. There is cockfighting in the San Joaquin Valley. There is dogfighting in Dane County, Wisconsin. My daughter is manager of the clinic of the Dane County Humane Society, and therefore knows something about it. Her stories about the way of life of some Wisconsin farmers can make your hair stand on end. Closeness to the soil may yield an earthiness of spirit, but that earthiness does not then necessarily yield hearts overflowing with human kindness.

Our main reason for sustaining the individual farmer is stronger and more urgent. The 1980 census was the first since 1820 to show that the rural areas are growing more rapidly than the cities. We have known from the statistics that this has been happening since the early 1970s. But it took a long journey around the country this summer to show me how massive this movement is. It is happening from coast to coast, from the tropics to the snows. This dispersal of population is reaching the same scale as the movement to the cities that had more or less been completed by the early decades of this century.

The main reasons for it are simple. First, technology no longer needs concentrations of resources—water, power, coal, and a network of heavy transport—which the smokestack industries could find only in the big cities. Second, people are fed up with commuting from ever more distant suburbs to high-rise offices downtown and are putting a new value on ease of access to the countryside for their increasing leisure.

In many small cities there is another attraction. The new industries like to be near a university or college and draw on its resources for research and its graduates for recruitment. State College, Pennsylvania, had a population of only 36,130 in 1980, yet the Bureau of Census had to declare Centre County in which it stands a Standard Metropolitan Statistical Area because State College (with the campus of Penn State right in its center) has been drawing new industries whose workers then disperse into the surrounding towns and villages.

Centre County is lovely—still, for now. But one cannot but wonder what will happen to it by 2000. What will happen can be seen in Santa Clara County, California, otherwise known as Silicon Valley. Even in 1950 Santa Clara had a population of less than 300,000. It is now more than four times as large. What in 1950 was still one of the loveliest and most fertile orchards in America—the whole county an orchard—is now only the latest, and one of the worst, examples of the urban or suburban or exurban or rurban sprawl that Americans never seem to have the will, wish, interest, foresight, vision, or simple care to prevent. Silicon Valley is a pox on California, and insofar as it represents an American blindness it is a national disgrace.

Where was the Sierra Club as the sprawl into Santa Clara began? Probably trying to save one more redwood, when America has more redwoods than any country sensibly needs. It is not the wilderness that needs protecting in America: America has so much wilderness it is ridiculous. It is the countryside that needs preserving, and that means the farmed land. It means especially the land still farmed round the cities. This countryside is not Nature, but Nature made civil: made civil by man and kept civil by the farmer, generation after generation.

AMERICANS TALK too often only of the grandeur in their land—the Rockies, the Grand Canyon, the Mojave Desert. They go to England (or France or Italy) and come back praising its soft landscape, its green pastures, its little hedgerows, its country lanes. Get in a van and drive across Pennsylvania, or across the whole of the Middle West, and everywhere it is soft, rolling, and green, with little streams, and small roads that dip and rise and twist. Ohio—Indiana—Wisconsin—Minnesota—Iowa—Missouri—even eastern Kansas: across and through them all, you could not ask for lovelier land. This America could

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not be more comely, and everywhere, without exception, it has been made and kept by the farmer. It is not, and will not be, safe with anyone else.

For there is another threat to the true countryside of America: the increasing leisure and thirst for the outdoors of the new affluent city people of the high-technology and service economy. People who use the country for recreation do not keep it. They destroy it. No one trashes the country more than the skiers. First they scar a mountainside, just as plainly as does strip-mining. Then round the base of the mountain grow subdivisions and ribbons of chalets. In come the boutiques and delis, the squalor of our time. Have you seen Vermont—lately? Look around Mount Killington: for mile after mile is a land tortured and screaming, the work of the skiers.

GO ANYWHERE—the beauty of America is about to be lost forever. The land will become acres and acres of wilderness, huge protected ranches for Robert Redford, sprawling encampments of the high-technology industries, and ribbons of weekend homes, summer homes, second homes, and recreation resorts. Look at Lake Tahoe.

I often wonder what picture comes to David Stockman's mind when someone says "America." Can it only be of silicon chips? (Even they are not doing very well in Santa Clara—not nearly as reliably as the orchards did for so long.) The United States has no federal or even any strong state legislation like Britain's great Town and Country Planning Act, passed in 1947, which not even Margaret Thatcher has thought to dismantle. Who is going to save the true land of America? You cannot trust most of the environmentalists. They are protectors not of the land, but of the privileged. We have only the farmer, whose own self-interest, not any idealism, makes him keep the land for us. Sustaining him for this purpose is vision.

On Vashon Island off Seattle in the Puget Sound—an island to which I went by ferry to visit a friend—I gazed all afternoon across the broad waters to Mount Rainier. In the dusk of the evening a young doe came down and stood in the Sound. The local authority has been given the power to buy farmland that is threatened by developers, then to lease it back to farmers, so that the farmland may be kept in perpetuity. That is all that is needed. That vision, that legislation, that small amount of funding.

But can the individual "small," "family" farmer even then survive? The answer is "Yes." In some commodities, especially the farther you go west, "agribusiness" is king (although even then not unchallenged). But you cannot expand, say, a dairy farm the way you can a wheat farm in Kansas, or even a beef-cattle feedlot in Colorado. Dairy farming requires constant attention to, knowledge of, even intimacy with, the herds of cows. Hogs too are rather particular about who looks after them. I could take you to a hog farm in Ohio that is about to be passed on to the son. I could take you to a 60-acre grape farm in New York—and even a ranch in Montana which is in the hands of the fourth generation of a family.

Wherever these people are, the loveliness of this land is safe. Wherever they are driven out, the land is trashed and not brought back. It is up to Americans to decide whether they wish their country to remain the only one of such size in the world in which a particular beauty is kept. It means saving the individual, now not so small, but still often "family" farmer.

HENRY FAIRLIE

Reagan's cap on college achievement.

EXCELLENCE CUTS

THERE ARE two familiar and unconvincing arguments for cutting federal financial aid to college students. The first is that many of the current aid programs—particularly the government subsidies for low-interest student loans—are essentially handouts for the middle class. Since the poor suffered most from first-term budget cuts, the argument goes, it's time for the middle class to pay its dues. The second argument is that, whomever the programs benefit, they can't expect to be spared when so many other social programs must go under the knife. Both of these points have been made with increasing enthusiasm in recent weeks by, among others, the editors of this magazine. (See "Three Cheers for Dave Stockman," TNR, March 4.)

Both arguments, however, ignore the significance of the crucial feature of the proposed cuts: the imposition of a "mega-cap" of $4,000 per student per year on all forms of federal aid, including grants, loans, and money earned under the college work-study program. This cap applies to every would-be college student, regardless of how little his or her parents make, regardless of whether the family also has to support other children in college. The mega-cap would function as a more or less ironclad barrier between those students who can afford private college tuition and those who can't.

The mega-cap proposal constitutes a sweeping change in philosophy. Most previous cuts (and the other cuts proposed in this year's package) reduce costs by tightening eligibility and lowering specific grants. Current aid programs leave the choice of college up to the student and to college admissions offices. But the aid cap is explicitly intended to scale back the federal government's commitment to help young Americans pay for the best college they can gain admission to. The average cost of attending a public college for a year, which the Reagan budget estimates at $4,000, is actually $4,881, according to College Board figures; a year at a private university costs, on average, $9,027. The message of the $4,000 cap would be: the

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government will help pay for your education at a public college but not at a private college.

The strategy of the Reagan budget cutters has been to pretend that need-based aid is some kind of novel extravagance. Just after his confirmation, Education Secretary William Bennett told *The New York Times* that "we cannot guarantee, and never should promise to guarantee, that that whatever the cost of the college you choose, the federal government will foot the bill. It's unreasonable." In fact, though, need-based aid has been the government's guiding principle since the passage of the GI Bill after World War II. It is structured around the assumption that the government should have no role in deciding *where* the student goes to college. The government will support you whether you get admitted to an expensive private college, a two-year community college, or anywhere in between. The "need principle"is profoundly democratic in thrust: it affirms that higher education enables people to get ahead on merit—or, in the current phrase, "excellence"—and that it is worth spending government money to help society become more meritocratic.

THIS DOES NOT mean that the government winds up "footing the bill," or even most of it, for students at expensive private colleges. According to the American Council on Education, the average amount of federal aid awarded to private-school students covers only 36 percent of tuition, and that average includes even the poorest recipients. Most such colleges put together student "aid packages," which include federal aid, state aid, a family contribution, and funds from the college itself. The average direct grant to students from the federal government is only $1,171; the maximum possible is $2,100. Seventy-five percent of these direct grants go to students from families that earn less than $12,000. The rest of the package comes from federal loans (maximum around $2,000) and from student earnings.

The mega-cap would reduce the aid packages of 400,000 students—most of them not middle class, but poor. The main reason the restriction hits the poor the hardest is that it rules out almost all the alternative ways for earning money to fill the gap between aid and tuition costs. Administration spokesmen, including Bennett, insist that the cap would not make it flatly impossible for poor students to attend any but public colleges. They say it would simply force students to make up the difference themselves, through work, greater family contribution, or—as Bennett put it—"divestiture" from luxury possessions such as cars, stereos, and vacations.

This rhetoric of self-reliance ignores the extent to which current federal programs *already* require full participation from both students and parents. "Need" is calculated as the difference between tuition costs and what a family can contribute. To get the latter figure, colleges send information about each family's finances to a central agency, such as the College Scholarship Service, which estimates the *maximum* amount parents can be expected to pay. In other words, before aid is even awarded, parents are presumed to be paying as much as an outside agency calculates they can afford.

If parents can't pay more, you might think, a student who still wants to attend an expensive college can always get a job. Unfortunately, the aid cap makes this option tricky as well. The most popular kind of aid allocated by the colleges are work-study jobs. The money a college student earns at one of these jobs would count toward the cap because the government pays between two-thirds and four-fifths of the salary while the employer provides the rest. Most of the student jobs on college campuses are made possible by the College Work Study Program. In most cases, then, the student receiving his or her $4,000 maximum in aid is already presumed to be working both part-time during the term and full-time in the summer. This doesn't leave much extra time to earn that extra four or five thousand per year in a second job.

College students thwarted by the cap would be forced to rely on two remaining ways to pay for college. They could either take out unsubsidized but government-guaranteed loans at market rates, or they could hope their colleges would make up the difference with their own private funds. Obviously, both choices skew the available funds further away from the neediest in favor of the middle class.

Taking out loans at current interest rates, guaranteed or not, is hardly a feasible option for a family already borrowing up to the maximum in subsidized loans (the average debt burden now for a graduating senior is between $10,000 and $15,000, not allowing for inflation). Only more well-to-do middle-class families could take advantage of this option.

IN THEORY, private colleges could dig deeper into their own coffers to make up the difference in government money. In practice, this pressure is likely to constrict even further the colleges' ability to accept students from poor—and, inevitably, minority—backgrounds. With limited funds available and the numbers of students still dropping, colleges are likely to take the "warm bodies" approach to admissions and spread their financial aid over the largest number of students possible. This will inevitably mean accepting more middle-income students, who need only a small amount of aid to make ends meet. A mild version of this syndrome has surfaced already as a result of the 1982 and 1983 cuts, as several selective colleges have seen their minority and lower-income populations slip. And the effect would be exacerbated by the general drying up of other sources of money that the budget also proposes eliminating—matching funds for state grants, graduate and professional fellowship programs, nursing and health loan programs, and aid to the disabled.

Thus, the split between rich and moderate-income students at private colleges, and needy students at public colleges, would likely become, within a few years, as pronounced as it was before 1970. With the erosion of equal access to higher education, the colleges would lose their ability—painfully built up in the last two decades—to op-

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erate as a genuine instrument of meritocracy and equal opportunity. No doubt, too, the less realistic hope a student has of going to a top college through hard work in elementary and high school, the harder it will be to instill excellence in the schools.

The whole point of federal aid to higher education is self-betterment; it is the ultimate bootstrap program. As such, it deserves precedence in the budget; indeed, if it does not qualify for funding, it is hard to imagine a program that would. Under stated Reagan philosophy, support for higher education should serve as the cornerstone of any program to develop "human capital," build an "opportunity society,"and increase our capabilities in science, high technology, and GNP, not to mention strengthening defense. The administration's attack on aid to college students betrays its lack of interest in the much-touted "opportunity ladder." A ladder is useless when its bottom rungs are out of reach.

AMY E. SCHWARTZ

Clarence Pendleton's big mouth stifles the civil rights debate.

OUT OF COMMISSION

BY DAVID A. BELL

IT SEEMS STRANGE, but Clarence Pendleton, the zealously conservative chairman of the United States Commission on Civil Rights, admires Malcolm X. Politically, the contrast between the two men could not be more stark: Malcolm X, the radical black nationalist, and Pendleton, a black man who steadfastly refuses to join any group that defines itself as black—even the Black Republicans. But the 1980s Reaganite feels a debt to the 1960s Moslem militant because, he says, Malcolm X placed a premium on black self-reliance. "You've got to do it on your own," Pendleton says. "The message isn't separation but independence."

Merely advocating black self-reliance, of course, would not have brought Clarence Pendleton the considerable attention and opprobrium he has gathered in three years as chairman of the civil rights commission. The Reverend Jesse Jackson also preaches independence and self-reliance. What distinguishes Pendleton is that he defines "independence" strictly by the gospel according to Ronald Reagan: freedom from government and from government-sponsored affirmative action. Indeed, he often goes beyond Reagan in his commitment to "color blindness." He has publicly condemned the administration for holding assemblies of its black appointees. And he defends his views so polemically that he appears a buffoon in the press, and a bigot in the liberal community.

Time and again in the past few months, Pendleton has vaulted himself into the headlines with what fellow commissioner John Bunzel tactfully calls "combative ideas, combatively expressed." In November, at a news conference held to present a commission study of comparable worth, Pendleton called the issue "the looniest idea since Looney Tunes." The same month, in a speech in Akron, Ohio, he assailed America's black leadership for keeping blacks dependent on liberal government: "Open the plantation gates and let us out!" he demanded. "We refuse to be led into another political Jonestown, as we were during the presidential campaign. No more Kool-Aid, Jesse, Vernon, and Ben! We want to be free!" A month after that, he let loose on blacks trying to mobilize around the issue of apartheid. "If a black is on the defense committee and rises to the top, would he vote to send troops into South Africa, or have this pigment attachment come first?" he asked. And on March 5, he called black leaders "racist" for favoring preferential treatment. In response to these outbursts, the largest civil rights organizations, including the NAACP and the Urban League, recently announced they will no longer have any contact with the commission. Even black conservatives such as Harvard professor Glenn Loury have criticized Pendleton for hurting their own cause. Francis Guess, a black Republican on the commission, told a San Diego newspaper that "if Pendleton were not black, by this time I would have concluded he was a bigot." Last week, Pendleton said he plans to cool his rhetoric—but also described himself as the victim of "intra-racial racism."

Given his zest for controversy, it is easy to depict Pendleton as the point man for an administration bent on wiping away 20 years of progress on civil rights. But it is not necessary to believe that Pendleton is a Reagan "lackey," as Representative Parren Mitchell called him recently, to see that his presence in the administration indicates a deep callousness toward civil rights issues. The reason lies in the difference between Pendleton and the more moderate conservatives who actually run the commission he chairs. Liberals lump Pendleton and the commission together the better to attack them, and conserva-

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tives do the same, the better to defend them. But in fact they represent very different currents of thought within the conservative movement. The commission and its staff, while opposed to affirmative action and busing, believe that civil rights problems do still exist, and that government has a role in solving them. Pendleton, despite his occasional demurrals, does not. The two philosophical viewpoints do not mix, and the result is a commission rendered effectively useless by its own chairman.

THE United States Commission on Civil Rights was established in 1957 as a combination of official watchdog and think tank on civil rights. With a panel of part-time commissioners and a full-time staff director, all appointed by the president for indefinite terms, it functioned as an apolitical, independent agency. It had the responsibility of investigating abuses of voting rights, appraising federal laws and policies from a civil rights perspective, and collecting and studying information on discrimination. In this capacity it helped bring about the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Voting Rights Act of 1965, and thus helped to create a powerful national consensus on civil rights.

By the early 1970s, however, that consensus had begun to deteriorate. Liberals and civil rights organizations promoted policies such as affirmative action and busing, calling them the natural next step in civil rights, while increasingly influential critics held that no form of preferential treatment was ever justified. Each side began to accuse the other of betraying the original consensus. It became increasingly difficult for the commission, and everyone else, to maintain an "apolitical" position on the subject.

By the late 1970s, the commission had become clearly identified with the "broad" view of civil rights, which emphasized the rights of groups that had been discriminated against to receive special help. Alongside its traditional investigation of discrimination, it began to produce reports like the 1979 "Window Dressing on the Set," a study of stereotyping in television, which published nebulous conclusions such as: "Significantly more characters are now seen hurting others. This is particularly true among minority characters." At times the commission seemed to give credence to group demands by reflex. When a 1979 amendment sponsored by Senator Jesse Helms directed it to study discrimination against Eastern and Southern European ethnics, the project was contracted out to a lobbying group that turned in a predictably partial report of massive injustice.

This "politicization" of the commission infuriated conservatives who held a narrower view of the meaning of the civil rights consensus. According to Linda Chavez, a former teacher's union official whom Reagan named staff director in 1983: "Wherever you see disparities—and there are many—they would take that data and immediately presume that it indicated discrimination. . . . The world of the commission was very polemical, based on the idea that America was a racist society."

More important for Chavez, after 1980 the commission frequently criticized the administration's civil rights record. The Eisenhower, Nixon, and Ford administrations had tolerated the commission when it took an expansive view of the civil rights consensus, even if it sometimes clashed with their Republican policies. But the highly ideological Reagan administration insisted that the commission adopt its own, narrower interpretation. In May 1983, therefore, the White House staged a coup. The president fired three liberal commissioners, and replaced them with his own nominees. Then, when the panel came up for congressional renewal later in the year, the administration succeeded in getting approval for a commission tailored to its liking, with four commissioners picked by the president, and two each picked by Democratic and Republican leaders in Congress.

The new commission, chaired by Pendleton, has now been operating for 15 months, and in a very different manner from before. The old commission, although it did research, saw itself primarily as a watchdog overseeing the federal government. "If the agency has a function," says William Taylor, who served as staff director under Kennedy and Johnson, "it is an investigative one, riding herd on what federal agencies are doing." The new commission has not issued a single report about any federal agency since it took over.

On the other hand, the new commission has expanded its research side, launching several ambitious research projects to measure the current state of civil rights in the United States. Subjects include segregation in housing, comparable worth, and discrimination in municipal employment. The commission has begun a major new study titled "New Perspectives on Discrimination," designed to ascertain the effect of discrimination on income differences. The emphasis on new, definitive research certainly reflects the new commission's desire for a break with the past, and thus its support for the "narrow" view of civil rights, which excludes affirmative action. But the researchers are also genuinely concerned with fairness. Outside scholars, notably Harvard's Professor Nathan Glazer, have had a large role devising the projects, and each project is overseen by an independent and politically diverse advisory committee.

THE COMMISSION'S most vocal critics see no merit in it at all. Mary Frances Berry, a commissioner appointed by President Carter who fiercely opposes the commission's change of direction, dismisses the "New Perspectives" project by saying "that project is designed to show that discrimination doesn't exist . . . to lay to rest the idea that discrimination still plays an important role." In a recent article for *The Nation* she suggested that the commission be disbanded because it "has become a parody of its former self." William Taylor, who calls the new commission a "propaganda machine," declined an invitation to write a defense of affirmative action for the commission's quarterly magazine, explaining that "what they're seeking to do is to establish credibility."

But it is wrong for Berry and Taylor to suggest that the new commission is less legitimate than its predecessor. It

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is merely taking the opposite side in the debate over the civil rights consensus. For precisely the same reason, it is wrong to claim, as Linda Chavez does, that the new commission is "depoliticized." It continues to evaluate civil rights legislation, and on the most important bills—such as the Civil Rights Act of 1984—its opinions have coincided with the administration's. Its assumption that civil rights have reached a turning point, and that the time has come to look at the issues from a fresh perspective, is itself highly political. However, if the new commission's politics are different, it still takes civil rights seriously. And it is generally not polemical. Today the commission can hardly help shape a national consensus, for the possibility of such a consensus does not currently exist. But it does try to articulate its own point of view reasonably, and to provide a forum for fair debate.

SO WHERE DOES Clarence Pendleton fit into all of this? The fact is, he doesn't. The commission prides itself on not being polemical, and he is a rough-and-tumble political fighter. The commission counts seriousness among its highest virtues, and he is ready to pronounce instant opinions on any issue. As a result, while the commission tries to encourage debate, Pendleton stifles it.

Worst of all, as the commission wards off charges that it is trying to dismantle civil rights policies, Clarence Pendleton is ever ready to lend ammunition to his opponents. When asked what he considers the major civil rights problem in America, he responds, "I don't know of any, except enforcement, and enforcement is in the eye of the beholder." When pressed, he mentions "the rights of the unborn, and newborn" (this is a reference to the Baby Fae case), and talks in vague terms about "access to the polls." On the need for further research on civil rights, Pendleton offers this flip comment: "We have studied the civil rights issue to death . . . this is about the last hurrah, to say what's good and what's bad."

Not surprisingly, the differences between Pendleton and the commission he chairs have led to a fair amount of resentment in the latter. One social scientist who has worked on commission research projects says that Pendleton "has very little effect on the commission except to undermine confidence, embarrass people. . . . He's creating a problem for people who would otherwise want to work for the commission because they feel their credentials would be tainted." Even Pendleton's colleagues keep their distance from him. John Bunzel says, "I wish he were more helpful with the [public] understanding of what is involved" in the commission's work. Linda Chavez says that "the chairman has his own style, it's not mine." She is also quick to make the specious point that because the commissioners only serve part-time, Pendleton's "Jonestown" comments were "not made in his capacity as chairman of the commission." Chavez calls this an "awkward situation."

These excuses patronize Pendleton. He is not simply a misguided figure whose impolitic "style" unfortunately distorts the commission's narrow interpretation of civil rights. Rather, Pendleton has his own position on civil rights, which is quite distinct from the commission's, and his various outrageous comments follow naturally from it. This position was molded largely by Pendleton's personal experience. He comes from a family that had succeeded without white help in the racially segregated Washington, D.C., of the 1940s. His father was a minor municipal official, and he followed a traditional path for the Washington black middle class, attending segregated Dunbar High School, and all-black Howard University. He feels that he has been able to make a comfortable career for himself without special assistance from the government, and argues that this is the sort of path that other blacks can follow. Pendleton feels that while the black community today is in a depressed situation, it suffers few other unique disadvantages. "What is special about us in this day and time?" he asks. "And don't talk to me about 200 years of slavery. . . . That's over." In his characteristically aggressive fashion, he also denies that blacks need their own political movement: "I don't know why we need black leaders. We don't have white leaders, do we?" And so, he argues that civil rights have no special significance for blacks. "I want civil rights for all Americans," he says.

One might call Pendleton's position "radical integrationist." He does not merely downplay the need for civil rights policies aimed specifically at blacks. Rather, he denies that race, which he habitually dismisses as "pigment," plays any significant role in American society, and seems to regard anyone who thinks otherwise as the prisoner of a slave mentality. "There's some real belief among blacks that our salvation is tied to the master of the plantation," he says, "and that master is the president of the United States." Such radical statements represent a point of view antagonistic to all traditional conceptions of civil rights, whether broad or narrow.

IT MAY WELL be that the administration wants to promote Clarence Pendleton's radical opinions on civil rights. If so, his position as chairman of the civil rights commission is an ideal platform. But since his opinions deny any possible purpose for a civil rights commission in the first place, the appointment is also absurd. So when speculating on why the Reagan administration retains Pendleton one can choose between two hypotheses: first, President Reagan prefers to have a chairman who automatically discredits his commission; or second, Reagan is callous enough not to care or notice. Perhaps he cares more that Pendleton is a crony of Ed Meese, or that he is useful as a token black in a largely white administration. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that with each show of confidence in Pendleton, President Reagan only reiterates his contempt for the commission's professed goals. It makes one wonder if the decision makers in the White House really understand—or really care about—the different strains of thought that pass for "the new conservatism." And it makes one pretty certain that they do not understand, and do not care, about civil rights. □

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Why we should welcome immigration.

OPEN THE DOOR

BY CHUCK LANE

AMERICA IS A nation of immigrants, but Americans have never really liked immigration. From the 1840s through the 1860s, Irish, Germans, and English flocked to our shores. During the 1870s, the Chinese began streaming to California. And millions of Southern and Eastern Europeans settled here between 1880 and 1920. Each influx prompted a debate among Americans—that is, among previous immigrants and their descendants. While there were many Americans who wanted to heed the Statue of Liberty's poetic injunction to open a "Golden Door" to immigrants, there were even more who wanted to lock the "Golden Door" and throw away the key.

Despite what we like to think nowadays, the foes of immigration usually had more legislative success than the defenders. Time and again Congress passed immigration laws that can only be described as viciously racist. Asians—"Mongols" in the parlance of turn-of-the-century eugenicists—were considered particularly dangerous. We passed a Chinese exclusion law in 1882, made a "Gentleman's Agreement" with Japan in 1907 to halt immigration of Japanese, and created an "Asiatic Barred Zone" in 1917. Jews, Slavs, and Italians were also considered racially and culturally inferior, so in 1921 and 1924 Congress passed national-origin quotas. The quotas were designed to freeze the ethnic composition of the country by limiting entrance of any one nationality to a small percentage of the number of people of that nationality who were already in America. In their final form the quotas put an overall 150,000 ceiling on immigration from outside the Western Hemisphere. They shut out almost everyone except Northern Europeans and Canadians—and, ironically, Mexicans, who were needed as farm workers. Nevertheless, millions of immigrants came here, raised families, prospered—became Americans.

Today, 27 percent of us are descended from someone who immigrated within the past 100 years. Now we children of immigrants are witnessing yet another major influx from abroad. During the 1970s this country experienced a net inflow of about 4.5 million legal immigrants, and perhaps as many as 3.5 million illegal immigrants came here as well. The pace of immigration will almost certainly quicken in the 1980s, though no one can say by how much. Roughly 80 percent of the new immigrants come from Latin America or Asia. Koreans run grocery stores on almost every street corner in Manhattan. Haitians harvest vegetables in the Florida sun. Indochinese dominate academic competitions in the schools of suburban Washington, D.C. Los Angeles is a latter-day Lower East Side, where Mexicans toil in garment sweatshops and Salvadorans labor on construction sites. By the year 2080, 37 percent of all Americans could be descended from someone who came here after 1980.

Today no one openly espouses the anti-immigrant racism that was the conventional wisdom at the turn of the century. Still, popular sentiment is essentially opposed to more immigration. Polls show that Americans are overwhelmingly in favor of banning illegal immigration and deporting illegal aliens. Two polls in recent years have shown that a large majority wants less legal immigration, too. A 1984 *Newsweek* poll found that 61 percent of Americans believe immigrants take jobs from American workers. That poll also showed that a plurality thinks too many immigrants are coming from Latin America and Asia.

Restrictionism is not only popular; it's fashionable. For America's elite, immigration, especially illegal immigration from Mexico, is a major source of concern. Former attorney general William French Smith has warned that "we have lost control of our borders. Ever-increasing illegal immigration threatens to engulf us." Last fall, a committee of prominent Americans that included former presidents Jimmy Carter and Gerald Ford, Notre Dame president Theodore Hesburgh, former secretary of state Cyrus Vance, former secretary of defense Robert McNamara, and General Maxwell Taylor telegrammed House Speaker Tip O'Neill and Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker to urge passage of the "vital" Simpson-Mazzoli immigration control bill. *The Washington Post* and *New York Times* editorial pages also were obsessed with passage of that bill (which narrowly failed to become law) and with the need to bring immigration under control.

The immigration laws we have on the books today are not explicitly racist. But no such law can avoid being arbitrary and unfair. Congress got rid of the national origins quotas in 1965 and replaced them with an overall limit of 290,000, which was reduced in 1980 to 270,000. The law gave 120,000 visas to the Western Hemisphere and 170,000 to the Eastern. It established a per-country limit of 20,000 for Eastern Hemisphere countries (in 1976, a similar limit was added for Western Hemisphere countries) and set a stingy 200-visa limit, which was later raised to 600, for "dependent territories" like Hong Kong and the British West Indies.

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Immigrants are admitted according to a set of "preference categories." The categories are designed mainly to promote the reunification of families and also to allow skilled or specially talented workers to come. The rules permit unrestricted immigration for dependent children of U.S. citizens and for certain "special immigrants" such as clergymen. After that, adult children of citizens have first dibs. Then come spouses and unmarried children of legal resident aliens. Third preference goes to professionals, scientists, and artists and their spouses and children. Fourth preference goes to married sons and daughters of U.S. citizens and their spouses and children. Brothers and sisters of U.S. citizens and their spouses and children have fifth preference. Last come skilled workers, and unskilled workers who can certify that they are coming to work in industries where labor is scarce.

The 1965 law gave each Asian country 20,000 visas that it never had before; and for each Asian who enters, several more relatives become eligible under the rules relating to family reunification. But James Fallows didn't have it quite right when he suggested in the November 1983 *Atlantic Monthly* that the 1965 reforms put "the Ethiopian, the Turk, the resident of Calcutta or Rangoon . . . on equal footing with the Englishman and the German." Putting the same limit on Third World countries, which have lots of people who want to come to this country, as you do on European countries, which have relatively few would-be Americans, results in striking inequities. For example, according to State Department statistics, Mexicans in the fifth preference category have to wait a minimum of nine years to get a visa, while fifth-preference Britons can get visas in four years. A German doctor (third preference) has to wait just nine months, while his Filipino counterpart has to wait at least *15 years*. Fourth-preference Frenchmen can get visas right away, while Mexicans and Filipinos have to wait seven years. Sixth-preference Britons have to wait two years for their visas; sixth-preference Indians cannot get one at all. Adult sons and daughters of U.S. citizens can get in right away—except for residents of the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong, which is still saddled with the 600-visa limit for dependent territories. Worldwide, there is a million-visa backlog, much of it in Mexico, Korea, the Philippines, India, Hong Kong, and China. No wonder so many Mexicans and Asians have given up on the legal system and have decided to immigrate illegally.

IN ANY CASE, the moral logic of the preference categories is overwhelmed by the real reasons people want to live in America. Family reunification is a fine thing, for example, but it's hardly fair to shut out thousands of other would-be immigrants just because they aren't lucky enough to have a brother or sister living here. In other words, the emphasis on family reunification keeps out thousands of people who, like our ancestors who came here at the turn of the century, simply want to come to America to better their condition. And isn't it rather cold-blooded to set a higher priority on scientists and professionals than on unskilled workers? Granted, as Werner von Braun no doubt could have told you, foreign-born scientists have important contributions to make. But as the flood of illegals attests, we need unskilled workers, too. Since when does a doctor have a greater right to dream the American Dream than a farm laborer?

EVEN MORE TRAGIC are the inconsistencies in the way we treat groups of people who for one reason or another suddenly arrive at our border or on our shores looking for a home—boat people from Indochina, Haiti, and Cuba, and the Salvadorans who are fleeing their country now. Congress rewrote the laws on refugees in 1980, following the Indochina boat lifts. The law established an overall limit of 50,000 refugees per year, but authorized the president to exceed that ceiling in consultation with Congress, which is exactly what has happened every year since 1980.

The refugee law defines refugees as people fleeing their native countries because of a "well-founded fear of persecution." Under this law a Polish Solidarity activist counts as a "refugee," but a Haitian peasant fleeing desperate poverty does not. The law is based on the fallacy that a clear moral distinction can be made between people who wish to immigrate for political reasons, and those whose motives are economic. Most people's motives, of course, are mixed. They want a better, freer life. But are economic motives inherently less worthy than political ones? Let's get specific. Would you rather be, say, a Polish doctor, or a Haitian cane-cutter? Whose desperation is greater? To ask the question is to answer it. Yet last year we admitted 11,000 people as refugees from Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, and only 160 from Latin America and the Caribbean.

Those who don't get refugee status can always apply for political asylum, but asylum decisions are based on the same well-founded fear rule as our refugee policy, and also seem to be heavily influenced by whatever the present policy toward the applicant's home country happens to be. Last year, for example, 33 percent of all Polish applicants got political asylum, as compared to only three percent of all Salvadorans. Curiously, except for the odd tennis star (remember Hu Na?), we no longer go out of our way to grant either refugee or political asylum status to those who want to leave Communist China. Only 7.2 percent of asylum applications from China were granted last year, and only 30 Chinese were admitted as refugees. Most Chinese have to go through the same visa process, and the same long waits, as everyone else.

Anyway, nice distinctions between "political" and "economic" refugees inevitably break down in the real world. The result is inequity and hypocrisy. Making it nearly impossible for impoverished, oppressed Latins and West Indians to come here legally leaves them with no choice but to come here illegally. As the cases of the Salvadorans now and the Haitians in 1980 show, many will be desperate enough to try it. And so we have a choice. We can turn them away. But this is hard to reconcile with our country's ideals. Does any of us really feel comfortable

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The week Newsweek readers began firing at Will.

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It was George Will's first column for Newsweek. And as he compared the histrionics of a pregame speech to the hysteria of pre-election politics, a new generation of readers was born. Readers who have a peculiar habit of reading our magazine backward. (From the back page, where George's column appears, forward.)

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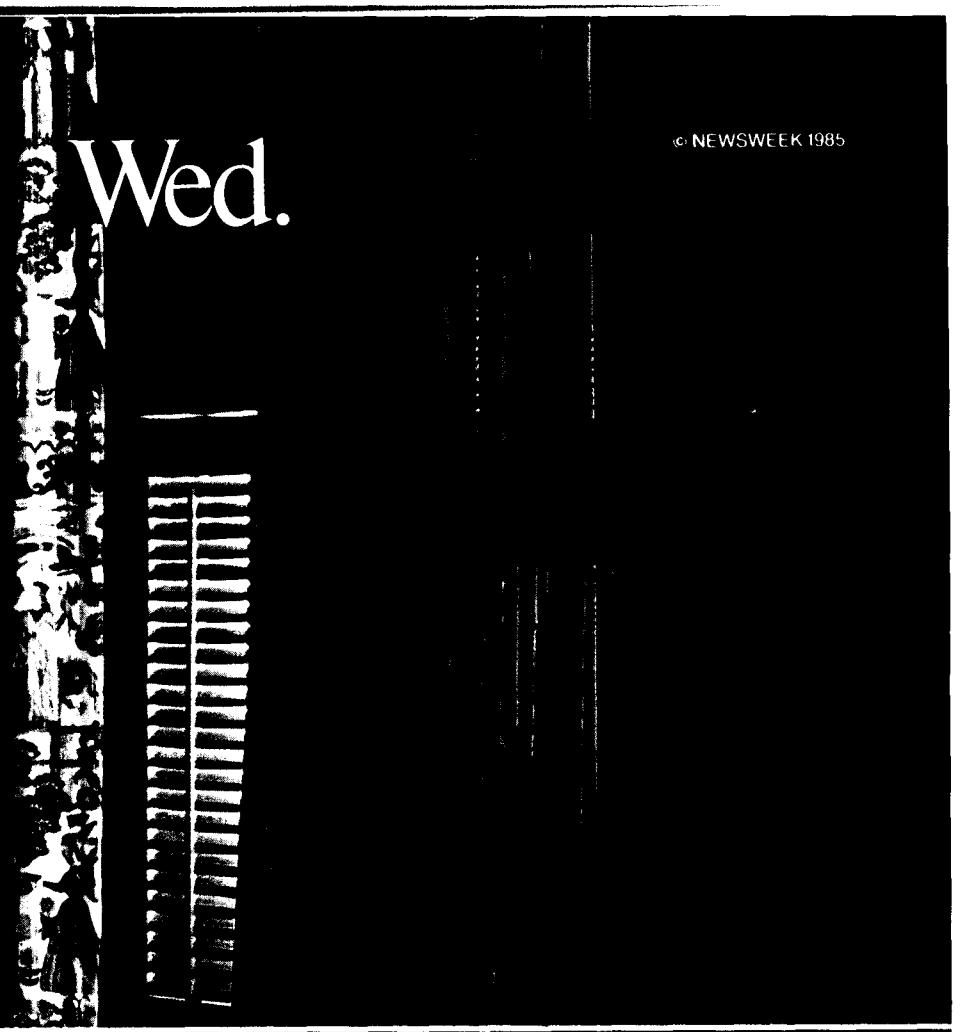

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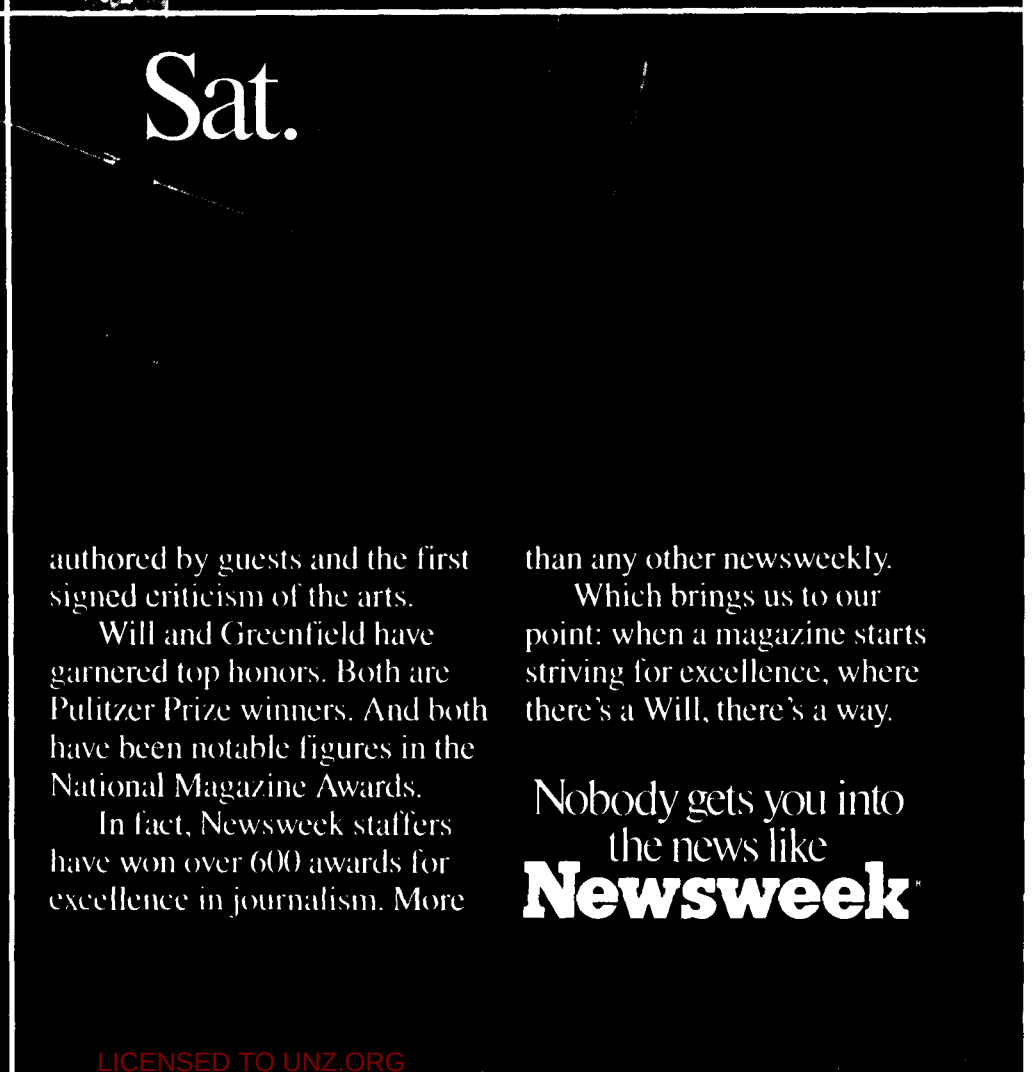

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with Senator Alan Simpson's call to deport Salvadorans to "safe refugee camps" in *Honduras*? Or we can grant case-by-case exceptions. In the most highly publicized cases, or cases where the desperate are fleeing a country we don't like, the rules will be bent, as they were for the Mariel Cubans. In other cases, the rules will not be bent; witness the Reagan administration's recent policy of having the Coast Guard intercept boat loads of Haitian migrants off the Florida Keys and return them to Haiti.

There is really no way out of the inconsistencies imposed by a policy of restricting immigration. Somebody with a legitimate claim to come here always ends up being denied admission unfairly. Consider some alternatives. We could scrap the per-country limits and preference categories and just allot visas in proportion to each country's population. Under such a system, Britain, with ten times the population of El Salvador, would have ten times as many visas, even though El Salvador has ten times as many people who want to come to the United States. We could simply hand out our 270,000 visas on a first-come-first-served basis, or even run a lottery. But under such a system there would still be thousands more visa applicants than visas, which means there would still be thousands trying to come here illegally. And a lottery wouldn't solve the dilemmas posed by emergencies like Mariel.

THE SIMPSON-MAZZOLI bill merely tinkers with the inequitable preference categories and per-country limits, and doubles Mexico's limit to 40,000. It raises the worldwide ceiling to 350,000, but the original version of the bill would have instituted a formal cap of 425,000 immigrants per year—including the immediate family members who now can enter without restriction. That's about the number who come in legally now, but it's probably less than half the current total rate of immigration, legal and illegal.

Simpson-Mazzoli has been hailed as a model of reason and generosity, primarily because it offers amnesty for illegals who are living here now. But it is fundamentally a restrictionist bill. If it worked, immigration would be cut in half. Senator Simpson has been quite clear about why he wants the bill. It is designed to "get control of our borders," to dispel worries that illegal immigrants take American jobs, and to prevent America from splintering into dozens of linguistic and cultural groups.

To accomplish its goals, the bill sets up an enforcement apparatus designed to keep out illegals: employer sanctions, a national system of worker identification, a beefed-up border patrol. The trouble is, as long as there is work here for immigrants, and as long as there is an overall limit on immigration, people will still try to come illegally. Unless we're prepared to become a different sort of society—measurably less free and open—they will succeed.

So we have a choice. We can either keep trying to restrict immigration, with all the absurdities and inequities that unenforceable goal inevitably entails, or we can simply let in more people. We could set a much higher overall ceiling—say, a million a year, approximately the number who actually come in now—and eliminate the per-country limits and the preference categories. Or, more radically, we could simply let anyone in who wants to come. We could open the floodgates.

MANY PEOPLE see practical objections—economic, political, cultural—to this morally tempting solution. Nobody knows what the actual effect of unlimited immigration would be, but the fears of the restrictionists are absurdly exaggerated. Immigration has always been good for this country. It has continually replenished our culture and our economy, making both the envy of the older societies of Europe.

Some immigrants do end up on welfare, but most become productive workers, paying far more into the system in taxes than they take out in social welfare costs. Those who are willing to take the drastic step of starting a new life in a new country tend to be bolder, more entrepreneurial, and more willing to work hard and sacrifice than other members of their societies (or of this society). According to Hoover Institution economist Barry Chiswick, those attributes help explain the fact that between 11 and 16 years after coming to America, the average immigrant is already earning at least as much as the average native.

Some immigrants do displace American workers, and the presence of immigrants lowers wages in certain segments of the labor market. Yet most economists are not convinced that these effects are as severe as restrictionists contend. A recent study by economists Barton A. Smith and Robert Newman of Texas border towns with big populations of illegal immigrants found that real wages were only eight percent lower than in other Texas cities. Immigrants don't just earn money; they also spend money, which creates jobs for others.

Anyway, those who worry about fairness to present American workers often overlook the question of fairness to immigrants. A Haitian refused entry into this country faces more brutal consequences than an American who loses his job to a Haitian immigrant. In making the moral calculation, the claims of present American citizens must count for more. But surely the claims of others who would like to become American citizens ought to count for *something*.

The economic argument for restrictionism is a lot like the argument for protectionism. Both spring from resistance to economic change. Importing cheap foreign steel displaces American workers and disrupts existing patterns of wages and economic power; so does importing cheap foreign labor. The answer to this argument is basically the same, too. In general, the fewer obstacles to the free flow of labor, capital, and raw materials, the better for the economy as a whole. Those who are jarred most severely by the dynamic process should be compensated in some way. We have Trade Adjustment Assistance for displaced workers. Why not Immigration Adjustment Assistance?

Of course, this isn't the turn of the century. There are almost a quarter of a billion people here already. Doesn't that mean we simply don't have the capacity to absorb

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more population, as we did 80 years ago? Governor Richard Lamm of Colorado is a major proponent of this theory, which is also put forward by restrictionist lobbies such as The Environmental Fund and the Federation of Americans for Immigration Reform (FAIR). Lamm asserted three years ago that "more people coming here means more population pressure on our own resources, more energy use, more traffic, more fertile farmland used for housing, more unemployment . . . More people mean more water use. We don't have more water to give them."

This argument is essentially impossible to disprove. It is also impossible to prove. When will we know that America is "full"? There are good reasons to doubt that it will be any time soon. The same fear of overcrowding was frequently raised as an objection to past waves of immigration. As a proportion of our population, today's annual rate of immigration is much smaller than it was at the turn of the century. Also, it's hard to show a direct correlation between population growth due to immigration and the overuse of resources. Eighty percent of the water used in the Southwest goes for irrigation, not for residential use, and much of it is wasted because of foolish federal subsidies. Prices for energy, food, and farmland have all been falling lately, hardly an indication that we're about to run out.

BUT WHAT ABOUT the cultural and political impact of more immigrants? Senator Lawton Chiles of Florida notes with alarm that "I think we would not recognize the United States as we see the United States today within a period of ten years if we do not regain control of our borders." House Majority Leader Jim Wright worries about "a Balkanization of American society into little subcultures." And Lamm fears that immigration will result in "a vast cultural separatism" that could "rend our country." He suggests that the children of today's Hispanic immigrants might grow up to lead a wave of "secessionist" riots in the Southwest to "express their outrage at this country."

It's true that if a lot of new people come here with a lot of new customs, languages, and ideas, America will look different. So what? Senator Chiles could have said the same thing in 1900, possibly about your ancestors and mine. Many did say it. One who did, but without reaching Senator Chiles's conclusion, was the novelist Henry James. In August 1904 James returned to America after a 20-year sojourn in England. One change that struck him most was the arrival of millions of aliens in his native New York City. In *The American Scene*, James expressed astonishment at the "ingurgitation" of immigrants on Ellis Island, bemusement at Italians "of a superlatively Southern type," and wonder at "the hard glitter of Israel" on the Lower East Side. "What meaning, in the presence of such impression, can continue to attach to such a term as the 'American character'?" James wrote. "What type, as the result of such a prodigious amalgam, such a hotch-potch of racial ingredients, is to be conceived as shaping itself?" But James predicted what eventually did happen to those ethnics: though the immigrants themselves may struggle to adapt, their children "will fully profit, rise to the occasion, and enter into the privilege," becoming "the stuff of whom brothers and sisters are made."

It might make sense to protect "recognizable" national characteristics in a society where national identity is fundamentally associated with a single religion, or language, or set of folkways. Thus the French might well worry about the effect of immigration on their national culture. They have one—including everything from Catholicism to a taste for fine Beaujolais. But because we are a nation of immigrants, such things are much less important in defining our national identity. Our culture is an amalgam of many. Was the old Yiddish-language *Jewish Daily Forward* an American newspaper or an Eastern European one? Is Taco Bell American or Mexican? Is gospel music American or African?

"Americanism" is basically a matter of political values. The only truly national tradition that defines us as Americans is our commitment to democratic individualism. Becoming an American means learning English—but even more fundamentally it means becoming a democratic citizen. That, after all, is a big reason why people come here.

Richard Lamm may be concerned about the potential disloyalty of today's Hispanic newcomers, but one eminent political scientist, Samuel Huntington, is not. He points out in *American Politics, The Promise of Disharmony* that each wave of new ethnic groups has asserted the values of democratic individualism and equality as the moral justification for its efforts to gain acceptance and to progress economically in American society. After all, how did turn-of-the-century ethnics finally "assimilate"? By voting for the New Deal, joining the CIO, and fighting for democracy in World War II. Huntington suggests that far from undermining our democracy, today's immigrants may well repeat the appeal of past ethnics to the "American Creed" as a way of legitimizing their claims to equality—with the result that everyone's commitment to that creed will be refreshed and deepened. In other words, immigrants may have the effect of making America more, not less, democratic; more, not less, unified.

Henry James understood this. He recognized that the arrival of aliens had the effect of forcing "native Americans"—the descendants of previous immigrants—to look within, and to ask themselves what it was that made them American. Anyone who visited Ellis Island in those days, James wrote, came back "not at all the same person that he went . . . He had thought he knew before, thought he had the sense of the degree in which it is his American fate to share the sanctity of his American consciousness, the intimacy of his American patriotism, with the inconceivable alien; but the truth had never come to him with any such force." James recoiled from this unsettling recognition, expressing a longing for the "sweet and whole national consciousness of the Switzer and the Scot." If our history proves anything, it is that such longings are altogether unjustified. The arrival of immigrants can only awake in us a deeper appreciation of, and gratitude for, our Americanness. So why don't we let them in? It becomes us so much better than trying to keep them out. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

A Midwinter Night's Dream

Here's a dream that was worth dreaming. I dreamed that I saw a Woody Allen film—a new one, called *The Purple Rose of Cairo*—and that it began, as usual, with an inviting premise which, as usual, was different from anything he had done before. The time is the Depression, the scene a small town. Mia Farrow, the browbeaten young wife of

The Purple Rose of Cairo
(Orion)

an unemployed workman, has a job as a hash-house waitress and spends all her spare time in the local movie theater. Her husband is a soft-soaping brute who is too busy loafing with the boys and sponging on her and fooling with other women to pay her much marital attention. She suffers it all, somewhat dopily, partially compensated by her fantasies at and after the movies. The current item at the local theater is *The Purple Rose of Cairo*, which she has seen often. In the cast is a rising young actor played by Jeff Daniels. One night Farrow is watching the film yet again when Daniels, crossing the screen in a certain scene as always, suddenly stops, faces the audience, and addresses Farrow. He says that he has noted her faithful presence and is attracted to her; he comes down off the screen, in the pith helmet and tropical clothes of his part, and sits next to her. In short order, they leave the theater together.

Up on the screen the other members of the cast are dismayed and implore him to come back so that they can finish the story as usual. The audience in the movie house is very upset, too: they paid their money to see the whole, uninterrupted movie.

Outside the theater, wandering about town, Farrow and Daniels develop a romance in innocent Filmland strophes. He refuses to go back to the screen without her, and she hides him in various places while she goes home to take care of her husband. Meanwhile the theater manager has complained to the film's producer in Hollywood about the interruption. Hollywood is shaken: producer and entourage descend on the town. Also involved is the actor of the Daniels role, also played by Daniels of course, because the anarchic behavior of a character he has played may wreck his blossoming career. He, too, wants his character to return to the screen. But the anarchy is spreading: several other cities report that the Daniels character has stepped out of *The Purple Rose of Cairo* in various theaters and has disappeared.

From here on—in my dream—Woody Allen's film develops this premise in one or more engrossing ways. It explores the quasi-mystical fact that an actor's performance in a film—with his person and personality and voice—has a life completely independent of the actor's own person and personality and voice that gave it being. This is true, with such completeness, in no other art except TV, which, in this regard, is film, too. The idea of a character threatening his creator who is himself in every physical detail beats any sci-fi concoction of look-alike humanoids because the mystery is around us all the time in everyday experience, a mystery that is part of our lives. And Allen illuminates this common, ignored mystery simply by focusing on it and by pursuing it to a comic-scary metaphysical point.

Or: the character himself, taken alone as an Ariel liberated from a script's bondage to roam as he will, is a fantasy that all of us have indulged from childhood. Who has not had private conversations and adventures and romances with appealing screen characters, experiences that had nothing to do with the stories in which we met them, everything to do with what we alone can see in them and they in us? This vein of daydream is explored by Allen to conclusions that put definitions of reality in strong, ironic opposition, that dramatize how much better designed a well-created character is compared to people in the real world, who are created only by the bunglings of genes and by social circumstance.

Or—possibly the most poignant and powerful aspect of all—Allen pursues to fulfillment his major theme: the sovereignty of fantasy even in the humblest. Farrow's fantasy about the Daniels character is so strong that it penetrates the texture of the film to distract the character and draw him out of ordained behavior into independent life with her, a life in which he reciprocates her feelings. Her fantasy is so strong that it affects everyone else in the film because the Daniels character doesn't split like a stock movie ghost and leave his shell up there; he comes out complete. That's power, a discovery of power in herself! More, her fantasy is so completely reified that it touches the lives of other people: the audience, the manager, the producer, the original actor of the film role, and some other images of the role in prints of the film elsewhere. All because of Farrow's fantasizing deep in her small browbeaten being. "My mind to me a kingdom is," said Edward Dyer. Anyone's mind,

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Bay Boy. Adolescent rites of passage, Nova Scotia, 1937. Unstartling material handled with autobiographical tenderness by the writer-director Daniel Petrie. A sympathetic cast. (Reviewed 3/25/85)

Lost in America. Mild but intelligent comedy about a yuppie couple who leave L.A. to find the "real" U.S. and end up in N.Y. Albert Brooks co-wrote, directed, stars—and he does the last best. (3/18/85)

1984. John Hurt as Winston Smith and Richard Burton as O'Brien splendidly fulfill the core of Orwell's book—which is all we get. Direction and design are exceptional. (2/4/85)

Witness. Kelly McGillis and the Amish countryside are so lovely that they lift the well-rubbed murder plot to some freshness. (2/18/85)

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says Woody Allen, is a cosmological empire—no, an emperor who can reshape absolutely everything; and Allen follows this concept to a thematic-dramatic conclusion, showing how, used this side of sanity, that force may be the best truth.

THEN I awoke. And I remembered the actual new Woody Allen film I had seen, called *The Purple Rose of Cairo*, which begins, as usual, with an arresting idea, new for him (though not new in the history of film); and I remembered that, as usual, he develops it for a while, then just quits. Quits dead. After Allen gets 84 minutes out of his premise, just enough footage to call the film a feature, he sends the errant film-character back up on the screen, sends all the Hollywood folk back to the Coast, sends Farrow back to her husband. Nothing culminates, in any of the three ways sketched above or in any other way. The theme is just picked up and used for a while, then plunked down as a bright child plunks down a new toy that quickly bores him.

It's also a bit uncomfortable that Allen sentences Farrow to return to her oafish husband, and now she's probably worse off than she was before because she has to recant her declarations about leaving. Allen has tried to soften this with some hints beforehand that all is not absolutely awful between them, but that doesn't much assuage our feeling that she is going back to dreariness and abuse, recurrently narcotized by film. (It's Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers next time.) Farrow doesn't even seem to have any awareness of what her fantasy had accomplished in the lives of others: she treats the whole episode as if no one knew about it but herself. One needn't delve into theories of solipsism about it: this ending simply doesn't fit the facts of the film as given. Why aren't people in her town going to point at her in the street and say: "There's the woman who brought a film actor down off the screen and upset dozens of people"? No hint of any of this.

The film is well enough made, one more step in Allen's learn-while-you-earn film career. His direction here doesn't have any of the grace that he showed in *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy*, but it's succinct and controlled. Gordon Willis, the cinematographic wizard of *Zelig*, makes sufficient distinction between the small town in color and the screen action in black-and-white without belaboring the point. The cast is good. Farrow is so drastically mousy, abetted by Jeffrey Kurland's clothes, that it underscores the power of her fantasy, her ability to make a dashing screen figure come down into the audience and fall for her. Danny Aiello, the husband, here controls his customary proletarian churlishness so that he is bearably unbearable. Jeff Daniels, who was the young husband in *Terms of Endearment*, is not an overwhelming screen dynamo, but he is a reassuringly competent actor, quite pleasant. The distinctions he makes between the movie character and the actor who played him are as clear and unlabored as Willis's camera work. Allen does not appear in the film himself, which must be counted a plus.

The ritual comments are in order about Allen's writing and direction. He is the most active personal director in America today, a man of unique intelligence, true wit, and fertile imagination. But he is also fundamentally an amateur, if by a professional we mean someone who not only knows how to make a film (which Allen has learned) but also has a sense of responsibility to his material. Godard, through much of his career, seemed to get bored with films before he finished them, but with Godard, I felt that it was because he was probing the borders of filmmaking itself that he became impatient with the instrument in hand, and wanted to fashion another to probe more deeply. No such motive is apparent in Allen. He gets bright ideas, juggles them a while, then—unprofessionally, in the sense described—simply abandons them.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

A Tourist in New York

Diary Entry: Shuttle down from Cambridge to pick up seats for *Strange Interlude*. Discover that this particular Sunday matinee, for which the press representative had sedulously aranged my tickets, was never scheduled. Chagrin mixed with relief—didn't relish sitting five hours looking at American soapsuds in an English package.

Tom and Viv
by Michael Hastings

3 Guys Naked From the Waist Down

Still . . . a futile trip, a whole Sunday in deserted midtown New York, don't want to disappoint my stepson awaiting his promised entertainment . . . What to do? Did what any other stranded tourist does under the circumstances; picked up *New York* magazine and checked out shows. Had seen most of the interesting productions; remainder either in previews or not worth the look. Eye caught by one; *3 Guys Naked From the Waist Down* at the Minetta Lane Theatre. Amusing title. Check out reviews like any other out-of-town visitor—quite enthusiastic. Tickets available at $28 and $26.50. Charge a pair of cheaper seats to American Express card ($53!) and take one of those graffiti limousines down to the nearest subway stop. (End of entry.)

Computing the expense of the round-trip ticket between New York and Boston, the modest dinner we were to eat after the show, and the play tickets, my visit to an off-Broadway show was costing well over $200 without having to pay for parking or baby-sitters. This wasn't theatergoing, it was high finance—I could have been investing in IBM. Regardless of its inviting title, *3 Guys Naked From the Waist Down* was already laboring under a distinct disadvantage: you could see it in the dour expressions of the other spectators, you could sense it in the theater itself, half empty on a Sunday afternoon.

Most of the cost of this show must have been generated by the eight-piece band sitting on a platform above the apron stage. It certainly wasn't in the tacky Komedy Klub settings, or in the salaries of the cast, which consisted of three (fully dressed) young musical comedy performers masquerading as stand-up comics: Ted (Scott Bakula), a laconic master of ceremonies, Phil (Jerry Colker), an angry young man, and

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Kenny (John Kassir), a suicidal mime. As for the promised nudity, it stayed in the title. These guys were naked largely from the neck up, their adventure a depressing exercise in show business self-delusion.

DEPRESSING TO ME, at any rate, in the way it confirmed that the iconography of these young performers—like so many American actors today—has been solely determined by movies and TV, their dreams inspired only by careerism. The projections above the stage suggest the social-political traumas of the fifties and sixties, and there are hints of spiritual anomie and despair, but all these fretful young people can talk about is show biz, all they desire is a spot on Johnny Carson. What's more, they get it, an achievement that, considering the quality of their material, makes the piece something of a wishful fantasy. The actors themselves are not without talent, especially the vaguely lobotomized Harpo-like mime John Kassir, who does original work with a third hand emerging from his coat front to light his cigarette and threaten him with a gun. But they have no familiarity whatever with comic tradition (a number called "History of Standup Comedy" confirms their ignorance); all they know to do is belt out songs. These meager talents, nevertheless, get them out to the West Coast, where the "killer agents" speak with Yiddish accents and the media bigwigs all have Jewish names.

Amazingly, this piece is about the ignominy of selling out. "First and foremost, we're a team," they say, preparatory to clawing their way to the top, "We gotta stick together." Somehow, they win a spot on an NBC hit comedy special called "Hello, Fellas," where they appear in drag, smoking cigars; this inevitably becomes a TV series, earning them a "Hello, Fellas" World Tour and cover stories in *Time* and *Newsweek*. Perfectly willing to drop their pants on the Carson show, they find the drag work "demeaning, debasing, degrading." "It's not even us anymore," they say. "Anybody can do this shit." Finally, they find the courage to achieve their individualism—making a "Hello, Fellas" feature film in male clothes. It's a failure with the "killer critics," so the mime guy commits suicide (he's been trying to do this throughout the evening), the emcee guy goes back to drag, and the angry guy sings "I don't believe in heroes any more."

I shouldn't get too exercised about such an insignificant entertainment, especially when I saw it only by accident. Still, I must confess I left the theater in a lather. As a tourist, I objected to wasting an unseasonably warm afternoon and an exorbitant sum of money on such a nitwit offering (no wonder people's eyes get bloodshot when they talk about the New York stage). But as a culture watcher, I was bothered by the implications of what I had seen. It was possible to excuse the whimpering dialogue, the irrelevance of much of the material, the dopey plot, but I couldn't help wincing over what constituted purpose, heroism, integrity, and individualism in the minds of these youthful show biz aspirants. By comparison, a straightforward sellout would look like a moral idealist. *3 Guys* exploits the vocabulary of protest for careerist purposes, expropriating language normally used for criticizing the very thing it represents—rather the way Reagan denounces interference in the internal affairs of other nations by interfering in the internal affairs of other nations. It suggests that the hypocritical character of our politics may now be infecting our culture, demonstrating how easily the honorable values of the past can be reduced to meaningless buzzwords.

MY VISIT wasn't a total disaster because I spent the evening at the Public Theater watching *Tom and Viv* (press seats supplied, performance as scheduled). This, as you've no doubt heard, is Michael Hastings's speculative drama about the relationship between T. S. Eliot and his first wife, an unfortunate lady from a genteel family with the hyphenated name of Haigh-Wood. A lot about this evening is hyphenated, in fact (including the director, Max Stafford-Clark, and the lighting designer, Robin Myerscough-Walker), and not just because the whole cast but one is English or the intermission is called an interval. *Tom and Viv* is a cultivated, sedate, well-mannered play with rather low blood pressure. It goes about its task of demythologizing Eliot rather convincingly, I think, trying at the same time—not so convincingly—to absolve his wife of her putative madness. For years, we thought of Eliot as a long-suffering martyr-husband who bore his marital trials with patient resignation. Now Mr. Hastings would have us believe he was really a socially mobile, sexually impotent prig who mistook his wife's high spirits—and some erratic behavior caused by hormonal imbalance—for lunacy, on the basis of which he prematurely and cruelly packed her away.

Bringing us from 1915, the year Tom and Viv met, to 1947, the year she died, Hastings uses episodic narrative devices to describe this marriage; most of the revelations are hidden in the interstices of the plot. Although the story zigs and zags, he is mainly interested in character portraiture, particularly in drawing Eliot as a repressed American snob with a marked incapacity for strong emotions. Viv has his number from the beginning ("Oh, Tom, plunge, just plunge"), but she can't suppress a certain fondness for this "clerk who imagines he's a poet," while the family, following some initial suspicion ("Not quite one of us"), eventually takes him to its bosom.

THERE'S something odd about Viv from the start—she menstruates two or three times a month, for one thing, and she perceives qualities in herself that will "turn her into a saint or a criminal." She gets frantic when the Hoover short-circuits and when, washing the toaster, she blows it up. "My nerves are bad tonight," we remember from *The Waste Land*, "Yes, bad. Stay with me. Speak to me. Why do you never speak." Eventually, she starts putting chocolates down a letter box, throwing herself out of moving vehicles, and threatening Ottoline Morell and Virginia Woolf, whom she suspects of having affairs with Tom, with a toy knife. Finally, Tom seeks medical opinions that will commit her, and Viv, drawing her bathrobe around her with Blanche du Bois dignity, tells the doctor she is ready.

As Tom goes up in public estimation, Viv goes down. Escaping from the sanatorium, she goes to hear her husband lecture on the virtues of Fascism ("Tom adores the Fascists. He has some reservations. Thinks they're a bit pagan") in a black shirt. Recommitted, she spends her last days smiling in isolation, expressing for Tom her "undying love." The American Army doctor who comes to interview her about her menopause concludes the problem was taking the wrong chemicals for what is now a treatable disease.

It's all too reticent and subtle to be a

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demolition job—nothing to what Robert Frost has suffered in recent years—but Hastings nevertheless manages to tweak the nose of a poet whose personal life, until recently, has been free from censure. Eliot's racist and anti-Semitic convictions, often considered aberrant pre-Holocaust eccentricities similar to Shaw's early admiration for Mussolini and Hitler, are here portrayed as symptoms of his cold, unfeeling nature, while Viv becomes the central victim of his climb up the greasy pole. It's all insinuated indirections, intelligent innuendo, refined gossip, polished to a high shine but without much fire, directed with responsiveness to period(s), designed with sensitivity to transitions, and acted—particularly by Julie Covington, just short of hysteria as Viv, and Edward Herrmann, playing Tom as a three-piece suit topped with patent leather hair—with grace and discretion.

PORTRAIT OF A CRITIC

Essays on Literature; American Writers; English Writers by Henry James

(The Library of America, 1,484 pp., $27.50)

French Writers; Other European Writers; The Prefaces to the New York Edition by Henry James

(The Library of America, 1,408 pp., $27.50)

It would be possible to maintain that Henry James was not a great critic, but only if you insisted that he wasn't a critic at all. Once you concede that he was, in the relevant works, a critic rather than a memoirist or an autobiographer, you have to go much further; you must allow that he defined, in the space of American literature between Emerson and T. S. Eliot, the form a major literary criticism would take. It was James who responded to the public conditions at hand, and showed that while they made the work of intelligence outrageously hard, they didn't make it impossible.

Comparison between James and Arnold holds at least to this extent: they, more than any other writers in England and America, enforced a claim for the moral and social significance of literature, and for the criticism that proposed to deal with it in that spirit. James's strategy was to insist, and to show by his own example, that the novel must be treated as a form of art and not merely as an instrument of commerce; and he indicated how far beyond the technical or literary occasion the consequences would run if the novel were to be given its critical due.

With so much conceded, it becomes a more agreeable matter to choose where any further emphasis should fall. Some readers value James's criticism for its bearing, the more intimate the better, upon his fiction, and for its ministering to an imaginative achievement that doesn't need to distinguish its forms or degrees of intensity. The civic force of James's imagination then corresponds to his work as a whole, and to nothing less. The criticism of Valéry, Virginia Woolf, E. M. Forster, Maurice Blanchot, and Graham Greene might also be received as having its chief value in relation to their creative works, rather than as exerting independent force upon the big questions of criticism and literary theory.

My own sense of James's achievement in criticism is that the light it casts doesn't fall solely upon his fiction, but far more widely upon fundamental critical issues. Like Eliot's criticism, or D.H. Lawrence's, James's brings the force of intelligence to bear upon questions of life and art, reality and imagination, the latitude of aesthetic and moral claims. These questions were addressed

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as they arose. Even in "The Art of Fiction"—one of James's most direct interventions in the theory of the novel—he did not approach a contention until it had already become publicly unignorable. Indeed, his criticism is no more systematic than Eliot's or Lawrence's. But when we bring the critical arguments into more determined relations, one to another, than they declared when he published them, we find that they trace a theory and fulfill a principle. Changes of attitude, from one occasion to another, are easily recognized as changes of emphasis rather than as contradictions or bewilderments.

THE NEW volumes in the gorgeous Library of America make this attention easier, but not easy. Between 1864 and 1916 James wrote more than 300 literary essays. They consisted of prefaces, introductions, commentaries, letters from abroad, formal essays, and book reviews. James revised and reprinted 48 of these items in four collections: *French Poets and Novelists* (1878), *Partial Portraits* (1888), *Essays in London and Elsewhere* (1893), and *Notes on Novelists* (1914). He published his book on Hawthorne in 1879. In 1907 he started writing 18 prefaces for the New York edition of his *Novels and Tales*, 24 volumes published two at a time between December 14, 1907, and July 31, 1909 (two posthumous volumes, *The Ivory Tower* and *The Sense of the Past*, were added in April 1918). The prefaces, the *Hawthorne*, and all the literary essays and reviews are included in the two new volumes. Leon Edel estimates that "about one third of the pieces included here have never before been published in book form."

I should note, by the way, that the definition of a literary essay is taken with some stringency. I'm sorry that "The Question of Our Speech" hasn't been included; the standard by which it is found not to be literary is too strict for me. James's essays and reviews on drama are not given; they must still be consulted in *The Scenic Art: Notes on Acting and the Drama 1872-1901* (1949). There are scattered literary references in James's essays and reviews on art, but they have to be found in *The Painter's Eye*, edited by John L. Sweeney (1956). James's letters, too, have many paragraphs that might be read as literary essays—his letter to Sarah Orne Jewett about the historical novel, for instance. It may be regretted that his essay on Tennyson is not included, but the reason is patent, if severe: it was written as a review of *Queen Mary* (1875), which was performed in April 1876 and belongs, however tenuously, to the theater. I don't understand why, according to this principle, we are given James's introduction to *The Tempest*; unless it is sufficient reason that he took the play as a work of literature and wrote the essay—a beautiful piece, incidentally—without any reference to a theatrical production. I speak of conditions and limitations, but I am not complaining. What we are given in these two volumes is sumptuous.

James regarded criticism, and most specifically his own, as an entirely serious matter. It is, he said in "The Lesson of Balzac," "the only gate of appreciation, just as appreciation is, in regard to a work of art, the only gate of employment." In a general way, criticism is "that quantity of opinion, very small at all times, but at all times infinitely precious, that is capable of giving some intelligible account of itself."

THE DIFFICULTIES such an effort of intelligence faced, James thought, were appalling. "I do not propose for a moment to invite you to blink the fact," he told the Contemporary Club of Philadelphia in 1905, "that our huge Anglo-Saxon array of producers and readers—and especially our vast cis-Atlantic multitude—presents production uncontrolled, production untouched by criticism, unguided, unlighted, uninstructed, unashamed, on a scale that is really a new thing in the world." In an early essay on Thackeray he referred to what the public might be regarded as wanting:

> The public is really, to a straight vision, I think, not a capacity for wanting, at all, but only an unlimited capacity for *taking*—taking that (whatever it is) which will, in effect, make it open its mouth.

In 1899 James was still brooding upon the fact that the future of the novel depended upon the future of the society that produced and consumed it:

> A community addicted to reflection and fond of ideas will try experiments with the "story" that will be left untried in a community mainly devoted to travelling and shooting, to pushing trade and playing football.

He thought it nearly useless to protest, but he protested. In 1914, two years before he died, he referred to "all the stupidity against which the spirit of appreciation spends itself in vain," and assumed that the stupidity was of known kinds and degrees that didn't need to be documented.

BUT THE difficulties of criticism were only particular exacerbations of a general labor. "The effort really to see and really to represent," James said, "is no idle business in face of the *constant* force that makes for muddlement." To criticize, he wrote in the preface to *What Maisie Knew*, "is to appreciate, to appropriate, to take intellectual possession, to establish in fine a relation with the criticised thing and make it one's own." Not merely for the pleasure of such a possession—though pleasure had a charmed value in James's sense of life—but for the exercise of one's conscience. James praised Edmond Scherer's *Nouvelles Etudes sur la Littérature Contemporaine* for the "steadfast and delicate spiritual force which animates, coordinates, and harmonizes the mass of brief opinions, of undeveloped assertions, of conjectures, of fancies, of sentiments, which are the substance of this work."

Of the critics James read with some regularity, those he most admired, for different reasons, were Scherer, Sainte-Beuve, Taine, and Arnold. But he admired and did otherwise. His own critical procedures were derived from his practice as a novelist. A critic might be opposed to a novelist, in the sense of accepting at every moment whatever challenge the particular novel in front of him presented. But critic and novelist take responsibility for the same values. It is the novelist's aim to produce "the illusion of life," the critic's to judge the extent to which the illusion, in the particular case, has been produced, and to appreciate the art of its production. Life is always at its wasteful, promiscuous, muddled business. It is the novelist's business to imagine, to select, to discriminate, in favor of an illusion eminently worth producing. The critic's job is to deduce, from the evidence on the page, the principle upon which the novelist's imagination has acted.

It is up to the critic, then, to pay attention. The kind of attention to be paid is shown clearly enough in the few pages James gave to Conrad's *Chance* in "The New Novel." Conrad thought the remarks hostile and slighting, but authors never know when, in the receipt of praise, they may regard themselves

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as having had enough. James said of *Chance* that it placed Conrad "absolutely alone as a votary of the way to do a thing that shall make it undergo most doing," and he glowed in describing the several reciters, the diverse legates of consciousness, whom Conrad sent ahead to effect, in the end, the "fusion between what we are to know and that prodigy of our knowing which is ever half the very beauty of the atmosphere of authenticity." I take James's remarks on *Chance* as indicating, with nothing but appreciation in view, the way to read a novel that shall make it undergo the most scrupulous reading. But it is most particularly an instance of the novelist reading a novel; as, in other essays, James sees one writer in the light of another, bringing into the same illuminated context Baudelaire and Hawthorne, Turgenev and Flaubert.

I TAKE the commentary on *Chance* also as issuing from James's belief that our lives are all the better for the doing we bring to their penury. He believed that we do not, of necessity, coincide with any ostensibly fated "given," but only with whatever ells we are inventive enough to take, given a few perhaps shoddy inches. There is no limit, in any accepted definition, to what we are inventive enough to take; or if there is, it is only according to some abject compromise of desire, energy, and imagination. "Experience, as I see it," James said in the preface to *The Princess Casamassima*, "is our apprehension and our measure of what happens to us as social creatures": it is not merely what happens. James resented, indeed, the admonition that he should keep down the complexities of a picture by taking precautions not to "attribute feeling, or feelings, to persons who wouldn't in all probability have had any to speak of."

Besides, a novelist is under no obligation to confine himself to such matters as would count for evidence in the view of a statistician. "My report of people's experience—my report as a 'story-teller,' is essentially my appreciation of it," James said, "and there is no 'interest' for me in what my hero, my heroine, or any one else does save through that admirable process." "I then see their 'doing,' " he continued, "as, immensely, their feeling, their feeling as their doing; since I can have none of the conveyed sense and taste of their situation without becoming intimate with them." In "The Art of Fiction" he describes the imaginative capacity as "the power to guess the unseen from the seen, to trace the implication of things, to judge the whole piece by the pattern, the condition of feeling life in general so completely that you are well on your way to knowing any particular corner of it . . ."

But James's program is difficult. For one thing, it puts him under the temptation of giving his characters his own life, and ascribing to them the feelings he, and not they, would have had in their conditions. For another, the effect of collapsing any and every distinction between doing and feeling—"their feeling as their doing"—is not only to keep reality at every moment fluid to one's sense of it, but merely to postpone the grim day on which one has to determine whether one's feeling, or one's doing, has in a particular case been specious, vain, self-bewildered, or—thank God—reasonably decent. For a third, it brings us up against the most insistently terrible assertion in James's criticism—again it is in the preface to *The Princess Casamassima*—that "we care, our curiosity and our sympathy care, comparatively little for what happens to the stupid, the coarse and the blind; care for it, and for the effects of it, at the most as helping to precipitate what happens to the more deeply wondering, to the really sentient." And at this moment hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children are dying of starvation in Ethiopia and the Sudan, where the distinction between the really sentient and the really stupid can't figure as amounting to much.

BUT THERE IS a tangle in these considerations. Freedom is important, even if there are millions of people who know freedom only though the deprivation of it. James had to keep his balance between two forces of constantly enticing attraction. What he loved in a work of art was its form, style, the picture achieved, the expression fully accomplished; because the work, under any of those terms, was an instance of intelligibility triumphing over muddle. Form—the "final unsurpassable form" James delighted to come upon in *Madame Bovary*, for instance—is supreme when we are hardly aware of it as form or as separable from what it has taken to itself as its own. "The form is in *itself* as interesting, as active, as much of the essence of the subject as the idea, and yet so close is its fit and so inseparable

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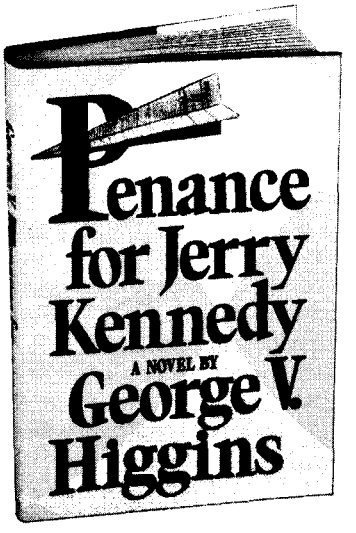

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its life that we catch it at no moment on any errand of its own."

So, too, James attributed to Flaubert, as to himself, the conviction "that beauty comes with expression, that expression is creation, that it *makes* the reality, and only in the degree in which it is, exquisitely, expression." In literature, he said, we move "through a world of different values and relations, a blest world in which we know nothing except by style, but in which also everything is saved by it, and in which the image is thus always superior to the thing itself."

A STEP or two further in that direction would have taken James into a program of art for art's sake. As it was, he took all the risks entailed in an aesthetic procedure that R. P. Blackmur, thinking of James, Marianne Moore, and other writers, once ascribed to American literature in general, that of contriving to present "the conviction of reality best by making it, in most readers' eyes, remote." Indeed, I think the main reason why James insisted upon formal perfection and a high finish for his pictures, and disliked loose, baggy monsters even when he found them in Tolstoy and Dumas, was that he wanted to move in upon a subject, deal with it decisively, and have done with it. Monsters witnessed not only to the triumph of muddle but to questions left hanging, moral issues unresolved: the work would have to be done again.

But James drew back from aestheticism, and taught himself a scruple against "beauty at any price." Life might be, for the most part, a muddle, too stupid to be borne unless it allowed itself to be transformed into something—a work of art—it could not be expected to recognize. But it remained doggedly Life. It is a mark of James's great spirit, his willing recognition of values for which his theory of fiction could hardly find a place, that he assented to forms of life which could not be transformed. I think of "The Bench of Desolation" as an instance so complete that it doesn't need another; but there are many other stories in which the values James celebrated as form, expression, and style are forced to meet every obstacle, every indifference, without any guarantee that they will prevail.

Life, in this nearly hopeless recognition of its doggedness, is the second force of attraction; form, style, and expression being enough to represent the first. So it is extraordinarily moving to find James, still in the essay on Flaubert, acknowledging that the triumph of style is never complete:

> Style itself moreover, with all respect to Flaubert, never totally beguiles; since even when we are so queerly constituted as to be ninety-nine parts literary we are still a hundredth part something else. This hundredth part may, once we possess the book—or the book possesses us—make us imperfect as readers, and yet without it should we want or get the book at all?

The hundredth part is our scruple, exercised most when we need it most, against the persuasion of a theory of art so beautiful that we yearn for it to be true as well.

But now, I recognize, my tone is in danger of running beyond decorum. I hold it back by reflecting that James, great critic as he was on the large questions, was not impeccable in his particular judgments. He was wonderfully just to the writers he admired, especially when their art was in nearly every respect different from his own: to Balzac, Maupassant, Turgenev. He knew how much he owed to George Eliot. But he was grudging toward Dickens, Stendhal, Disraeli, and Swinburne. He thought Gautier much superior to Baudelaire. He didn't really understand poetry, and thought it existed only to emit a lyric cry. Sometimes, and especially when he liked a writer for personal reasons, he wrote of him as if he were a character in one of his novels, heroic in every sentiment. His essay on Rupert Brooke gives him such latitude of implication that we look everywhere in the visible record to find anything, except his death, to justify it. History has not been patient with some of the writers—George Du Maurier, Pierre Loti—for whom James seems to have had all the time in the world. He wrote about George Sand nine times, and entered so elaborately into the life and the feelings he ascribed to her that he seemed to resent the fact that she was not, after all, his invention.

I HAVE held back a few severe remarks because I dislike making them. James was remarkably given to the habit of patronizing writers who had preceded him. "Dear old Jane Austen" seemed to have added to her charm by not knowing what she was doing. "The romantic tradition of the Brontës, with posterity, has been still more essentially helped, I think, by a force independent of any one of their applied faculties—by the attendant image of their dreary, their tragic history, their loneliness and poverty of life." James even found it possible to speak of "poor Flaubert." He despised Poe: "an enthusiasm for Poe is the mark of a decidedly primitive stage of reflection." Of Fenimore Cooper, James said that "we are not commonly addicted to speaking of the author of the *Last of the Mohicans* as a first-rate man."

But he reserved his most extreme condescension for Hawthorne and Emerson, who are both praised for doing so much with the little given and the thin. "What the life of New England fifty years ago offered to the observer was the common lot, in a kind of achromatic picture, without particular intensifications." So it was no wonder that Emerson lived "with that ripe unconsciousness of evil which is one of the most beautiful signs by which we know him." Beautiful, indeed, but the faculty would have disabled Emerson, James implies, if he had attempted anything as complex as a novel. As for Hawthorne, he too suffered from "the paucity of ingredients," a point on which James remarks, too disarmingly, in his account of Hawthorne's three American novels. That James owed much to Hawthorne's example, T. S. Eliot has emphasized. But James regarded the debt as one that could easily be carried. He suffered no anxiety upon the score of that influence; or, indeed, of any other.

JAMES'S tone of patronage, his condescension to writers, some of whom we now regard as his equals, can be explained, but not explained away. It is common for modern writers, or those who think of themselves as modern, to consider their predecessors naive. Yeats thought every Irish writer before him a victim of puerile sentiments and a primitive age. But James's tone of superiority was propelled by a more acute sense of his privilege—to bring together the best qualities of two traditions, English and French. The great English novelists had a wealth of experience, a vivid sense of personal and national life, but they were awkward, as Dickens and Trollope and Scott were awkward. Their sense of form was jejune. The great French novelists were often ignorant, as Zola was, but for the most part they were artists. Or at least they knew what artistic form meant. The defect of

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the French writers was a defect of morality, or—the same thing—a merely partial vision of life. James was on familiar terms with both cultures, he knew their strong points and their weak. As an American, he was unembarrassed, uncompromised by either party; he could move freely on either side of the Channel. As a novelist, he saw himself in the uniquely privileged position of writing fiction with all the merits of the three cultures—he thought of them now as three—he commanded and understood. I think he regarded *The Ambassadors*—"quite the best, 'all round,' of all my productions"—as the novel for which such a huge claim might be made, the novel in which the most of the appreciated value of three cultures and the least of their recorded defects are embodied. He did not, of course, commit the indelicacy of making such a claim, or otherwise speaking on his own behalf.

DENIS DONOGHUE

Denis Donoghue holds the Henry James Chair of Letters at New York University. His most recent books are *The Arts Without Mystery* (Little, Brown) and a revised and expanded edition of *Connoisseurs of Chaos* (Columbia University Press).

MEMOIR OF THE MOVEMENT

Lay Bare the Heart: An Autobiography of the Civil Rights Movement by James Farmer

(Arbor House, 370 pp., $16.95)

The Movement. It was singing "We Shall Overcome," arms crossed, hands holding those on either side, singing "Black and white together," the very sentiment unprecedented in American history, and you, singing loudly and holding a white hand or black one in yours, were not only making history, you were History.

The Movement was the loneliness of Mississippi and Alabama highways, where pine trees bordered the roads like tombstones. It was a time when going to jail was a badge of honor and respectability. It was cattle prods on exposed flesh, the hollow sounds of billy clubs against skulls, bombed churches and four dead girls in Birmingham, and it was death by bullets in the night, black and white together, martyred and mourned.

The Movement was idealism incarnate. It was the Word of nonviolence made Flesh, the willingness of the Flesh to be lacerated, to suffer, and even to be vanquished, because more important than life was the inner knowledge that the "beloved community" could be made manifest. Then the inherent equality of all would be the standard of the body politic—for real.

There was something heroically naive in our belief that love would promenade across the land. Then again, perhaps it was only such fervent idealism that made it possible to withstand the violence suffered in body and soul and mind by those whose flesh was the field on which the battle for America's soul took place.

What we could not have predicted in 1960 was that our idealism would be like seeds traveling on unseen currents of errant winds. (May 1960. I stood in the Student Union Building at Fisk University in Nashville, Tennessee, reading telegrams of support for the sit-ins from students at white colleges around the country. Until that moment I had not known or thought that there could be white people who cared about our suffering, and I was confused by their expressions of solidarity and friendship. Why did *they* care? No one ever had.) In the spring of 1961 a group of white college students established a new organization, Students for a Democratic Society. SDS condemned not only segregation but the hypocrisy of the nation that allowed it while continuing to call itself democratic. SDS asked fundamental questions about the values by

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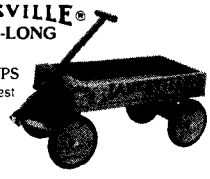

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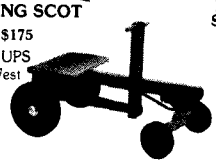

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which Americans lived their lives, and rejected the lives their parents wanted them to live.

The civil rights movement and what came to be known as the New Left were parallel and overlapping forces for change, not only in how America conducted itself at home, but what it did abroad, especially in a small southeast Asian country called Vietnam, where Presidents Kennedy and Johnson were sending Americans to kill peasants and make the world safe for democracy.

By the mid-sixties the Movement was not only blacks chanting "Freedom Now," but a generation of disaffected white youth questioning and organizing against American involvement in Vietnam, and demanding fundamental changes in the content and structure of higher education. Other white youth, however, sought to change the face of America by removing themselves from it. They "dropped out."

The Movement, then, was not only Martin Luther King Jr. writing a letter from Birmingham jail but Pete Seeger singing "We Shall Overcome" at Carnegie Hall, and Jefferson Airplane singing "White Rabbit" in Golden Gate Park. It was flowers placed in the rifle barrels of soldiers at the Pentagon anti-war demonstration in the fall of 1967 and burning draft cards. It was smoking cigarettes that enabled one to see through a glass darkly, or made you think you did. It was Tom Hayden, Mark Rudd, and Bernadine Dohrn; it was Tim Leary and Abbie Hoffman; it was underground newspapers and classic cartoons by R. Cobb. It was hair, not only the musical announcing the Age of Aquarius, but hair wreathing the face and flowing down the back, or if you were black, crowning the head like an inverted bowl shaped from the strands of dreams.

ULTIMATELY it was too much, a time too big to grasp, or to understand, or even to know what it was you were experiencing. Events that shook you to the soul happened too often and too frequently. The assassinations of a president, that president's brother, Martin Luther King Jr., Malcolm X, Che Guevara, not to mention the martyrs of the civil rights movement itself—Jimmie Lee Jackson, Viola Liuzzo, Jonathan Daniels, Reverend James Reeb, James Chaney, Andrew Goodman, Michael Schwerner, William Moore, and those killed in the riots of the long, hot summers. The decade that began with the singing of "We Shall Overcome" came to an end with shouts of "Burn, Baby, Burn." That was too long and too arduous a journey to travel in a mere ten years. The decade that began with black and white together trying to create the "beloved community" ended with taunts of "Honky!" and shouts of "Black Power!"

THE MOST detailed catalog of the events of that time fails to convey its profuse complexity. A hundred flowers bloomed, but they were of different varieties, in unnameable colors, and unidentifiable scents. Even in hindsight, it is difficult to grasp what that time was, for it was bigger than even its most well-known actors. To feel one's self being lived by History is to become a spectator in one's own life.

I can't remember the precise moment I knew that I was in a rowboat without oars, being swept downstream toward some raging Niagara at the bottom of which I would be left alive but broken. Perhaps it was as early as 1962, when I found myself in whispered conversations with black friends, as we asked each other with wide-eyed wonder, "You heard about this dude called Malcolm X?" Sentences and paragraphs from his speeches went from black mouth to black ear, and it was in disbelief that we talked of this black man who stood in public and dared to speak the anger whose comfort we had denied ourselves for too long. That theretofore unspoken anger was as burdensome on our souls as the suffering we had endured, as the suffering we continued to endure.

Malcolm brought a hope different from that offered in the sonorous tones and dignity of King. King's nonviolent appeals to the white conscience, while effective and appealing, left an aftertaste of humiliation. Why should we have to shed blood and risk life to be granted what white Americans had from birth—equal rights under the law? Malcolm spoke an angry love, and we learned that anger could be redemptive, too. There was no contradiction between "We Shall Overcome" and "Burn, Baby, Burn." Wasn't the latter the necessary complement of the former, the acknowledgment that a little burning might be necessary before there could be any overcoming?

Or was it? Twenty-five years since it all began I still don't know. In January of this year I returned to my hometown of Nashville, Tennessee, to attend a conference on the Nashville sit-in movement, to see friends from the civil rights movement, some of whom I had not seen in 15 years. Throughout the two-day conference I wondered, over and over, why I was there, talking to audiences, many of whom were not alive in 1960. I felt like a walking and talking exhibit from a wax museum. And one evening, while singing a freedom song ("They say that freedom is a constant struggle"), pain rose within me like lava spewing from the depths of what had been thought to be an extinct volcano. I understand then why, in this silver anniversary year, there have been no celebrations, no speeches commemorating and extolling the courage and beauty of our idealism, no solemn gatherings to remember those who died to make America safe for democracy.

FOR ALL the finality with which the walls of segregation came tumbling down, for all the local, state, and national offices occupied now by blacks, white people continue clinging to the notion of white supremacy like children clinging to their blankets. It is the pain of knowing that my white fellow citizens still do not know that they must free themselves of the illusion of race, that they must learn that the soul and death are real, more real than all else; if they are not taken more seriously than all else, white people doom themselves as they have always doomed me. I sang ("They say that freedom is a constant crying"), reopening all the wounds, crying to myself that I could make no one understand, and like Malcolm, I wanted to fling my anger like a burning spear, and like Martin, I wanted to kneel and offer my love.

Perhaps if I had not been one of those who had believed in the "beloved community," I would be content with the changes wrought by the passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act and the 1965 Voting Rights Act. I would be content with the number of black lawmakers in Congress, state legislatures, city halls, and city councils. I would have found in Jesse Jackson's presidential campaign a sign of hope as did so many other blacks. But I didn't. Even before Jackson called Jews "Hymies" and tied himself to Minister Farrakhan, I was shaking my head, thinking, no, no. Did I acquire an ulcer in Mississippi just so somebody black could be president? Do

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I still mourn Chaney, Goodman and Schwerner, Liuzzo and Daniels and Moore for a dubious integration wherein Mayor Wilson Goode of Philadelphia can keep the Eagles from leaving town?

That is part of the pain, too. Blacks seem to have forgotten that love, be it King's offering, or Malcolm's rebuke, was both the means and the end, and electing blacks to office might be an interim step, but never more than that. Too many blacks have been seduced by the symbols of power and no longer know that we survived only because of the moral example.

PERHAPS the Movement died at some unnoticed moment when people became more involved in changing America than in changing themselves. The Movement did not begin 25 years ago with a political agenda. It began with a vision that the values by which we as Americans lived were not only questionable in some instances, but woefully wrong in others, and the only way to change America was to present it with a new alternative of how to be.

Precisely because those alternatives of how to be are absent from public life today, there is even more of a need to observe this silver anniversary of the Movement's birth. And in observing it we might recall that idealism is a stirring in the soul that makes it soar, and in the soaring we learn that love is daring to believe that the soul matters, and scarcely anything else does. That is the enduring legacy of the Movement and without such belief, there would not have been the Movement. It is this legacy that cries out to be celebrated and reincarnated this year.

Whether or not there ever again will be a mass movement for social change is not so much a political question as it is an individual one. Mass movements do not happen until individuals make individual choices and individual decisions to risk their personal safety and security for that soaring of the soul that can save us all.

James Farmer's *Lay Bare the Heart* is the story of a life lived for that soaring. That February day in 1960 would not have been possible if not for Farmer and others like him. For him, there was no Movement to join, so he helped to create the one so many of us joined later, thinking, for a while, that we had made it ourselves.

As the founder of CORE, the Congress of Racial Equality, he participated in the first organized civil rights sit-in in American history, in May 1942 in Chicago. He organized labor unions in the South, confronted FDR about colonialism in Africa during a time when most blacks denied having an African ancestry, took the civil rights movement into dreaded Mississippi with the Freedom Rides in 1961, and faced death in Plaquemine, Louisiana, in one of the great untold stories of the civil rights movement. He has written an appealing book, in which he talks about fear as a Freedom Rider, his warm relationship with Malcolm X, and his more complex ones with the Kennedys, LBJ, and Nixon. It is a deeply personal book, one in which he does lay bare his heart.

Yet one cannot help but hear in it, too, the silences between the heartbeats. While he tells entertaining and revealing anecdotes about King, about Whitney Young and Roy Wilkins, the deceased heads of the Urban League and NAACP respectively, he is silent about their ultimate historical significance. It is especially striking that Farmer recounts where he was when he learned of King's death, but an assessment of King's contributions, strengths, and weaknesses is absent. Farmer is equally silent about the transformation of CORE into an ineffective black nationalist group. Perhaps it is unfair to criticize a book for what it doesn't say, but in this instance, the reader feels deprived of certain knowledge from a man who was uniquely situated in the events of the sixties, a knowledge that, if imparted, might help us to better know that time and ourselves.

Despite this reservation, *Lay Bare the Heart* is an important reminder that movements for social change do not simply happen. They are made by people who sacrifice their lives for ideals and visions, who are willing to subject themselves to the risks that come with such ideals and visions. James Farmer is such a man.

JULIUS LESTER

Julius Lester is a professor in the Afro-American Studies Department and Judaic Studies Program at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst. His latest book is a novel, *Do Lord Remember Me* (Hold, Rinehart and Winston).

POP GOES AMERICA

Culture as History: The Transformation of American Society in the Twentieth Century by Warren I. Susman

(Pantheon, 321 pp., $22.95)

Warren Susman has been a significant figure among American historians for more than 20 years. He has established a considerable reputation, both among his own students at Rutgers University and among members of the larger scholarly world, for his remarkable energy and imagination. His influence on those interested in the study of popular culture has been profound. And yet it is likely that most scholars, even many who are aware of his reputation and are familiar with some of his ideas, have never read anything he has written. Susman has published a number of important articles over the last two decades, but he has published most of them in inaccessible places—in little-read journals, in the proceedings of professional meetings, in obscure anthologies only briefly in print. Except for a collection of documents he edited in 1973, he has, until now, never published a book of his own.

Culture as History brings together for the first time a group of his most important essays of the last 25 years. It is a spotty collection. Several articles that may have been important when first published now seem dated and uninteresting. Others apparently bear the marks of hurried preparation (a few were originally lectures delivered at scholarly meetings). The heart of the book, a group of essays on the culture of the 1920s and 1930s, suffers from

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considerable redundancy. Susman himself claims to have found in these articles "a sense of order, progression, and even purpose" that turns this disparate collection into an intellectually coherent whole. Most readers will, I suspect, find that coherence elusive. Yet despite its limitations, this is an important and provocative book, both for its broad observations about 20th-century culture and for its imaginative and suggestive use of the commonplace, even banal artifacts of daily life to arrive at important observations about American society.

THE study of "culture," Susman believes, is more than the interpretation of "the highest achievements of men of intellect and art." It is (in the words of sociologist Robert Lynd) the exploration of "all the things that a group of people inhabiting a common geographical area do, the way they do things and the way they think and feel about things, their material tools and their values and symbols." The most important signs of the way a society lives, Susman believes, are often the simplest, most ordinary artifacts of its culture. A popular novel can be more revealing than a major work of literature. An advertisement aimed at a mass market is often more significant than a serious work of art. The "structures of everyday life," to use Fernand Braudel's phrase, are as important as, perhaps more important than, the great public events and the major intellectual achievements that we commonly consider "history."

Susman concedes that 20th-century culture cannot yet be discussed in the context of what Braudel and other French social historians have called the *"longue durée"*; it cannot reveal the "deep structures" that have shaped the slow, epochal evolution of human society. Still, Susman's claims are far from modest. For he argues that the patterns of modern popular culture reveal a broad and profound transformation that has set 20th-century American life irrevocably apart from the world that preceded it. In the wake of industrialization and the social, economic, and cultural changes that accompanied it, a new world emerged—a world in which a traditional and seemingly timeless society gave way to a fundamentally different one. The story of 20th-century America, Susman suggests, is the story of the tension between an older, fading "Puritan-Republican, producer-capitalist" culture and a "newly emerging culture of abundance" that has gradually established its dominance.

In the older culture, men and women were judged on the basis of "character," on the basis of their moral qualities, their principles, their rectitude. In the newer "culture of abundance" the standard of judgment has become "personality," the ability to interact effectively with others, to win their affection and admiration. In the older culture, consciousness was shaped largely by local circumstances—by family, neighborhood, community. In the newer culture, with its instruments of mass communication, its ease of travel, its shared experiences and enthusiasms, consciousness reflects the influence of a much larger world. In the older culture, aspirations to material comfort were sharply restricted by the limited capacity of the economy to produce. In the modern world, much greater material satisfactions lie within the range even of those of modest means. Americans by the turn of the century were, Susman argues, dreaming of "a new world based on fabulous plenty and newfound affluence." And, he claims, "a whole culture was built on that vision."

IN MANY RESPECTS, this is a far from original argument, as Susman readily admits. Sociologists from Max Weber to David Riesman, historians influenced by modernization theory, and many others have long stressed the importance of the new, bureaucratic structures of modern society in changing the nature of interpersonal relations. The idea of the 20th-century United States as a "consumer culture" or a "therapeutic culture" is one of the most familiar in modern scholarship. Susman offers several important variations, however, on this standard discussion of the modern era.

First, unlike most chroniclers of the consumer society, Susman is not an inveterate critic of the "culture of abundance." Material possessions and bureaucratic development, he insists, are not in themselves an "iron cage," as the Weberians would have it. Technological progress is not inherently dehumanizing. A consumer culture has repressive possibilities, to be sure, many of which afflict us; but it has a vast and joyous liberating potential as well.

But the larger difference between Susman's work and that of other historians who share some of his central assumptions is his focus. He is not much concerned with institutions, or with economic relationships, or even—oddly enough, for an avowed socialist—with class in any conventional sense. He is concerned instead with the texture of ordinary experience, with "the *forms* in which people have experienced the world—the patterns of life, the symbols by which they cope with the world." It is not, he believes, a preposterous statement to claim, as he does occasionally in these essays, that "Mickey Mouse may in fact be more important to an understanding of the 1930s than Franklin Roosevelt."

IT IS THE 1920s and 1930s, in fact, that Susman considers the crucial period in the transformation of modern society, "the climactic stage" of the battle between the old and new cultures. And the best and most important essays in the collection deal with the popular culture of those years. The cultural heroes of the 1920s, he argues in a perceptive discussion of Henry Ford, Babe Ruth, and the advertising executive Bruce Barton, reflect the ambivalence of a society suspended between two worlds. All three men embodied the alluring qualities of the new culture of abundance—material success, technological progress (in the case of Ford), hedonism (Ruth), salesmanship and mass communication (Barton). Yet all three seemed to represent as well the older ideal of the triumphant individual rising to power and wealth by virtue of his own talents and abilities.

In the 1930s, Susman claims, there were widespread efforts to resolve the uncertainties and tensions afflicting the new culture by developing a new, self-conscious concept of "culture"—by creating, for the first time, a widely shared popular vision of the "American way of life." Only in a nation tied together by mass communications and transportation and by an integrated national economy could such a concept of a common culture emerge; and the form that it took reveals clearly the influence of the new ideology of abundance. These were the years in which the concept of "self-help" emerged—the Dale Carnegie message that "winning friends and influencing people" lay within the grasp of all. They were the years of Walt Disney cartoons, of the creation of a "world of fun and fantasy" and of "ultimate wish fulfillment," a comforting escape for middle-class victims of the Depression, "frightened and

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humiliated, sensing a lack of order they understood in the world around them." From cartoons, such Americans could draw the comforting message that "no matter how disordered the world appears, Disney and his Mickey Mouse . . . can find their way back to happy achievement by following the announced rules of the game."

AND THE 1930s were years in which the popular culture embraced, in a way unknown to previous generations, the idea of "commitment," the belief in the importance of the group, the romanticization of "the people" as a collective entity. The popularity of the Communist Party among American intellectuals was but one example of the allure of commitment. There was, as well, the revival of interest in "folk culture," the rise of the Agrarians with their celebration of the "communal" qualities of the Old South, the sentimental evocations of community and neighborhood in popular literature (in the works, for example, of Thornton Wilder and William Saroyan, which stood in striking contrast to the savage caricatures of the small town in the 1920s works of Sinclair Lewis and Sherwood Anderson). Out of the fear and shame that dominated the first years of the Depression, in other words, there emerged in popular culture "a final celebration of the American Way of Life and a strong sense of commitment to it."

No brief summary can do full justice to the rich and complex texture of this book, which includes essays ranging from the "uses of the Puritan past" to the World's Fair of 1939. But a brief summary may fail as well to convey some of the problems that accompany this kind of history. There have been frequent complaints in the last decade or so that historical scholarship has become excessively narrow in focus and arcane in its concerns. Scholars seem often to assemble mountains of detailed evidence, statistical and otherwise, and to support with it only the tiniest fragments of analysis. There is, however, another, opposite pole of historical methodology—the creation of broad generalizations on the basis of small fragments of evidence.

Clearly, Warren Susman has read widely in and thought deeply about 20th-century popular culture; yet far too often the evidence he marshals to support his broad generalizations about modern society seems insubstantial. A chance passage from a novel, a scene from a film, an advertising slogan, a popular phrase or consumer fad seem frequently to be the basis of sweeping observations about the whole of American culture. Such ordinary artifacts may well be important. But Susman seldom offers any systematic evidence of their significance, any explanation of why one artifact is more important than another, any reason to believe that his generalizations rest on very much more than speculation. Perhaps informed speculation is the most that can reasonably be expected from the study of "cultural history"; perhaps scientific proofs are not available for the amorphous hypotheses that form the framework of the field. But Susman's essays seem particularly uninterested in the question of proof and make no effort to discuss the breadth, or the limits, of their sources.

This is, then, a less than fully satisfying book. In addition to the disconnectedness of its essays and the abstract quality of some of its arguments, it suffers from the author's idiosyncratic and at times mangled syntax; from an occasionally discursive prose style; from an excessive (and implausible) use of the word "brilliant" to describe books, essays, films, and other works Susman admires. It is not what anyone would call a disciplined book, or a consistent one. But *Culture as History* has other, less conventional, but no less important rewards—its imaginative and at times, yes, "brilliant" use of unusual sources; its sweeping (if occasionally strained) generalizations about popular culture; and the compelling glimpse it provides us of a remarkably creative and questing historical intelligence at work exploring some of the central realms of American experience. It would be nice to think that this book will, if nothing else, bring to Warren Susman some of the attention and acclaim to which his long and influential scholarly career should entitle him.

ALAN BRINKLEY

Alan Brinkley teaches 20th-century American history at Harvard and is currently a fellow at the Woodrow Wilson Center in Washington.

APPOINTMENT IN FLORIDA

Continental Drift by Russell Banks

(Harper & Row, 366 pp., $17.95)

In recent years, the American novel, or at least the subset of it that critics take seriously, has been acting like a kind of surly post-adolescent, sleeping until noon, sulking in its room, and muttering "What's the use?" when anyone mentions subjects like work or ambition. So it's always a pleasure to see a gifted and serious novelist biting off more than he can chew. In *Continental Drift*, Russell Banks takes on, in miniature, the entire condition of the world in our time. The book that results has many of the strengths and weaknesses of the very best American fiction.

Continental Drift is harrowing, bleak, often clumsy, and always compulsively readable. It reminded me of Robert Stone's *Dog Soldiers* and John Dos Passos's *U.S.A.* Like Stone, Banks has constructed a kind of super-caper novel, in which a crime and its aftermath become a metaphor for an entire moment in our national life; like Dos Passos, Banks deliberately draws on a broad canvas, attempting to dramatize social and political change in the lives of ordinary people.

The novel's title refers to the theory that all the continents were once part of a single land mass, which slowly broke up and has been drifting apart ever since. But Banks's vision is of demographic, not geological, motion—of the vast, almost unprecedented human migrations of our time in which people across the globe flee from starvation, war, poverty, and oppression and seek a new life somewhere—anywhere—else.

Although his story concerns the Caribbean boat people who are arriving in

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our country every day, Banks insists on a larger context, invoking images of all earth's refugees—Afghans, Somalis, Cambodians, and millions of others—as well as of the millions who help, hinder, or prey on them as they pass.

THE PLOT centers on two characters, separated by language, culture, and history, who nevertheless have an appointment with each other, and with destiny: Robert R. Dubois, "pronounced locally as 'Doo-Boys,' " an oil-burner repairman in Catamount, New Hampshire, and Vanise Dorsinville, a young Haitian woman who leaves her home near Port-de-Paix, Haiti, on the way to America with her baby and her nephew, Claude.

Dubois, frustrated with his dead-end job, takes his wife Elaine and their two daughters and sets out in search of Sunbelt riches. He gets a job near Orlando, managing a liquor store for his fast-talking, foul-mouthed brother Eddie, and the family moves into a house trailer on a lake. But things go wrong. Eddie's in trouble with his mob backers. Bob's marriage is threatened by his own infidelity and confusion. When he kills a black man trying to rob his store, Bob decides to make yet another start, this time running a fishing boat in the Keys for his old friend Avery Boone.

But Ave is dealing drugs, things get worse with Elaine, the new house trailer is falling apart, one of Bob's daughters is emotionally disturbed, and Bob's income from charter bonefishing isn't enough to pay for her therapy. Desperate for money, he agrees to shuttle a load of Haitians from Nassau to Miami at $500 a head.

Meanwhile, Vanise has journeyed from Haiti to North Caicos Island and then on to Nassau. On the way, she and her party must cope with indifference, brutality, exploitation, and rape; but they keep hope alive until they are picked up by Captain Bob Dubois for the final run to the new country.

The story reaches its climax in the waters off Boca Raton, with a Coast Guard cutter bearing down on Bob's boat; what happens there is horrifying, gruesome, and intensely moving—all the more so because even while we are swept up in the story, we cannot help realizing that the events we are reading about, if true, would be fairly routine fodder for the evening news.

Continental Drift is a powerful book. Its settings are convincing, particularly the section in central Florida, that fast-growth Fantasyland that has erupted out of the palmetto scrub around Walt Disney World. Bob and Elaine Dubois, a "typical" working-class couple who could so easily have dribbled into cliché, are subtly drawn, memorable characters; even more impressive, Banks makes Vanise and Claude Dorsinville, who begin as the kind of faceless victim-figures we are used to seeing in CARE ads, into people we not only sympathize with but toward whom we feel, by turns, admiration and exasperation. The interwoven stories never let go of the reader's emotions: I couldn't put the book down until I had finished, nor stop thinking about it after I had.

But the novel is not without its flaws. For one thing, it is unremittingly, grindingly grim, unleavened by hope, humor, or wit. For another, Banks has listened carefully to how people talk, but he hasn't always tempered his phonographic recollections with the kind of restraint fictional speech needs. The result is sometimes ridiculous, as when Eddie Dubois explains the economic facts of life to Bob:

> What you got to do is learn about what you want to know about, which should be money. You don't know anything about money, honey, and money-honey is what makes the world go round, so if you want to go around with it, you better learn a little about money-honey, brother of mine, or your ass will be brass and somebody else's golden.

And finally, the book's insistent, unmistakably American style—long, driving sentences full of portentous clauses and incantatory refrains—sometimes bolts headlong toward self-parody, as in this astounding 169-word sentence that, like a breathless child retelling a movie, introduces two characters, sets a scene, and incidentally recaps the career of an obscure 19th-century statesman:

> Avery hasn't come alone, he's brought a girl with him, the two of them driving south from a month-long visit to New Hampshire, "to see the leaves turn color," Avery explains, an annual phenomenon that in Avery's three-year absence from New England has taken on mystical significance, like a total eclipse of the sun or the return of a long-gone comet, a significance reinforced by the reaction of the girl, who, as a native Floridian, has never seen the leaves go from green almost overnight to scarlet, gold, purple and orange and then for weeks hold their color crisply, cleanly, as if at the peak of health instead

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of the verge of death, and who, as a young woman in her early twenties with a somewhat mystical turn of mind anyhow, believes that in the 1840s in a previous incarnation she lived in Concord, New Hampshire, where she was the mistress of Franklin Pierce, U.S. Senator, general in the Mexican War and fourteenth President of the United States.

But the most serious criticism to which *Continental Drift* is subject is one that was also leveled at Dos Passos, and legitimately in both cases. I found myself wondering whether Banks had not diminished his characters by showing them as victims and pawns of a malign structure so much larger than they. Early in the book, Banks writes that earth's refugees are moved by "constant heroism, systematic heroism, heroism as governing principle." But on her journey across the Caribbean, Vanise waits passively for guidance from her Haitian voodoo gods—Akwe, Legba, and the fearsome god of the dead, Baron Cimitiere. These are powerful beings whose presence both character and author feel; so that the tragedy that befalls her can be seen as willed by the gods, for reasons of their own.

As for Bob Dubois, he is a victim not of spirits but of the American dream (Eddie Dubois, the book's least convincing character, seems to be intended as a kind of 1980s Biff Loman or Jay Gatsby) and of the rapacious economic system that destroys "young American men and women without money, with trades instead of professions," by "trying to bend them around the wheel of commerce." *Continental Drift* is intended as a portrait of a system destroying Dubois, who, Banks tells us, is "a decent man, but in all the important ways an ordinary man," as if his ordinariness somehow compromised his decency, or perhaps as if only an extraordinary man would have acted differently when put to the test off Boca Raton. I don't believe that; many ordinary folks—even some fishing-boat skippers I've known—wouldn't do what Dubois does; even though our system is brutal in many ways, that brutality doesn't free any of us of the burden of choice.

It's a point I would like to raise with Russell Banks, and one I hope to debate with many people who read this excellent, disturbing book. In the end, in fact, it may be the strength, not the weakness, of *Continental Drift*. Banks sends his book forth with the hope that it will "help destroy the world as it is." It may fall short of that aim, but it will leave its readers much to argue about, and that's no small accomplishment.

GARRETT EPPS

Garrett Epps is associate editor of Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill. His novel *The Floating Island: A Tale of Washington* will be published in May by Houghton Mifflin.

YUGOSLAV ODYSSEY

Rise and Fall
by Milovan Djilas
translated by John Fiske Loud

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 432 pp., $24.95)

During the initial postwar years the Yugoslavs were enormously popular among Communists in Poland and in other freshly Sovietized countries. We, young Polish Communists, well aware of being a small "vanguard" among the largely hostile population, envied our southern brothers. They had carried out the revolution with their own forces and were building socialism with the enthusiastic support of the overwhelming majority of the people.

Apart from official propaganda, of course, and our occasional fraternal meetings with Yugoslav students, we knew very little indeed of the realities of Yugoslavia. To be sure, we knew that Draža Mihailović had been an agent of German invaders, and was rightly tried and shot as a traitor. The condemnation of the Yugoslav party by the Cominform in the summer of 1948 came as a heavy blow, even though we naturally believed that the Yugoslav Communists must have been guilty of some terrible crimes that the vague document did not specify. Immediately we invented various explanations for the unexpected split. ("How was it possible that Churchill's 'bourgeois' government supported Tito during the war? They must have bought him already!")

STILL, all those pathetic absurdities did not prevent us from expecting, rightly, that the condemnation of "Titoism" would bear fruit in other communist countries; and indeed it did in due course, in the form of the purges and show trials that shook the communist world between 1948 and 1952. Of course the most obvious explanation—Soviet imperialism—was beyond the horizon of the binding ideology, even if the Soviet Union was by then not exactly above criticism in the minds of committed Communists.

Later on it became clear that precisely what made the first great schism possible at all—the fact that the leaders of Yugoslavia, unlike the Poles, felt largely sovereign in their own country—made this schism very probable, if not inevitable. What was at stake was not doctrinal purity, but the Soviets' insatiable hunger for new areas of domination, and their principle that any country ruled by Communists is by definition the rightful property of the Motherland of the working classes of the world.

The inside story of the split is known mainly from the writings of Milovan Djilas. His new book, without changing the overall picture we already have, enriches it with a number of interesting details. It is up to the historians of those years (I am not one) to examine the book for its value in providing new material. In any case, it is not, strictly speaking, a historical book. The author relies mainly on his own memories, and he had no access to those writings of his that had been deposited in secret archives. Apart from many remarks on various figures who were prominent in the Yugoslav turmoil, or in the turmoil of other communist countries, and apart from polemical attacks on Vladimir Dedijer, whom Djilas on several occasions accuses of distortions and lies, he depicts, with his usual lucidity and critical spirit, the intellectual development that brought him from the pinnacle of power to the darkness of prisons.

The book starts, aptly enough, with a high-level discussion in 1946 about building a new big prison in Belgrade.

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The following pages contain Djilas's reminiscences of the first political trials of opposition leaders, and then the story of his friendship with such Yugoslav writers and artists as Miroslav Krleža, Ivo Andrić, and some lesser-known figures. In the second part Djilas describes the history of the split with the Soviet Union as he remembers it. The Soviets' recruitment of Yugoslavs to the Moscow espionage network figures prominently in the early phase of the (not yet public) conflict. So does the economic exploitation of Yugoslavia by the Soviets, as well as their attempts to meddle in various political affairs of the country—to impose their standards on the Yugoslav press, to use their own agents in the leadership against Tito, and so on.

Djilas's impressions of contacts with Communists from other "people's democracies," and of his trips to Warsaw, Prague, Budapest, and Sofia, provide us with many interesting details about Stalin's henchmen in recently conquered territories. The famous founding convention of the Cominform is vividly depicted as well. Djilas devotes a lot of space to the purge of "Cominformists" in the Yugoslav party; he does not conceal the sinister story of the concentration camp on Goli Otok, where most of them were detained in less than luxurious conditions. ("If gouged eyes were a rarity," he says, "broken teeth and ribs were not.") The existence of the camp was by no means unknown to the West. Still, Djilas recalls, both the diplomats and the press in the West "displayed a tacit understanding"; whereas Moscow, while inventing many fabricated stories about the horrors of Titoism, did not mention this real horror either, because concentration camps for political prisoners were a topic it preferred not to discuss. To Djilas, Goli Otok was "the darkest and most shameful fact in the history of Yugoslav Communism." Perhaps; but one would expect some comments on other atrocities and massacres perpetrated just after the war, and known to us from other sources.

The third part of the book depicts Djilas's own path of intellectual transformation, and his gradual break with Marxism and Leninism. The story of lost illusions, fabricated accusations, and painful betrayals is familiar enough to everybody who has been acquainted with the communist world. After his final fall, Djilas found himself, not surprisingly, in a social emptiness. Nearly all his old friends stopped recognizing him on the street. (In Poland we never experienced this kind of betrayal, though ours was a large milieu that moved away from communism at a similar pace. I never lost a single friend as a result of my break with communism, I only found new ones. But neither I nor my friends were party apparatchiks. Apparatchiks simply cannot afford friendship, and it is normal that once one of them falls, for one reason or another, friends rush to kick him even more cruelly and thereby prove their ideological fidelity.)

Djilas's new book is somewhat chaotic, and the reader is occasionally confused about the chronology of events. It teems with small anecdotes that, though not necessarily of historical significance, are often interesting and amusing. For example: on one occasion Stalin asked Djilas why there were no Jews in the leadership of the Yugoslav party, to which Djilas replied that there were not many Jews in the country, and mentioned Pijade as the only prominent Jewish Communist. "On our Central Committee there are no Jews!" Stalin broke in with a provocative laugh. "You are an anti-Semite; you too, Djilas, you, too, are an anti-Semite!"

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Then there is the story of a false story, published in *Pravda*, about the Swiss Trotskyite party having been invited to the Yugoslav party congress. When asked for an explanation, the *Pravda* correspondent in Belgrade replied to Djilas without the slightest embarrassment: "Do you know that *Pravda* has been edited by Lenin and Stalin?" The anecdote is philosophically remarkable, in that it shows what truth (i.e., *Pravda*) means in the specifically Soviet usage.

I have read a number of Djilas's books, none of them without profit, interest, and pleasure, but I would like to see one more. I await a book on the national problems and national conflicts in Yugoslavia. He is certainly well prepared by experience and reflection to give us his assessment of this issue on which the future of his country hangs.

LESZEK KOLAKOWSKI

Leszek Kolakowski is a senior research fellow at All Souls College, Oxford University, and professor of philosophy at the University of Chicago.

TRB, *from page 6*

"Industrial policy"—growth through Big Government—was a six-day wonder. In domestic policy, at least, what's left?

Someday social programs will come back into fashion. Meanwhile, though, the current anti-government mood contains a real opportunity for the Democrats to distinguish themselves from the opposition. The opportunity involves the general question of personal freedom. The Moral Majority is the one interest group the Republicans are trapped in embrace with the same way the Democrats are trapped in embrace with the unions and half a dozen others. Social repressionists are *not* a majority. They are an organized minority with an agenda most leading Republicans have no real sympathy for but are afraid to oppose.

The latest polls show that the country is about evenly split between those who favor legal abortion more or less at a woman's choice and those who favor it only when her life is at stake or in cases of rape or incest. But the 1984 Republican platform endorses the position that a fetus is a "person" under the 14th Amendment, which would make abortion unconstitutional in all circumstances. That platform also makes ominous noises about censoring violent movies and goes on for paragraphs about opportunities for women because the fanatics wouldn't permit an endorsement of the Equal Rights Amendment, which is supported by 63 percent of the population.

The younger voters both parties are so desperate to attract have little interest in seeing greater government control over their lives. Even the post-1960s kids who went for Reagan in such astonishing numbers are far more likely than their elders to take a tolerant view of abortion, drug use, homosexuality, and so on. Among, say, under-40 Reagan aides and Republican members of Congress, I would wager there are damned few who have not smoked the occasional joint without any bitter regret.

This doesn't mean that anyone is going to get elected president on a platform of legalizing marijuana. Polls show that three-quarters of the population and 60 percent of young people are against legalization. But Ronald Reagan has demonstrated the importance, both to political success and to national leadership, of creating a mood. It's good for the economy when Americans are feeling optimistic, and it's good for our security when we're feeling strong. An atmosphere of freedom and tolerance is important, too, apart from specific policies.

The Republicans have been able to avoid a social-issues backlash so far by managing to convey the impression that they don't really mean it. My colleague Hendrik Hertzberg has called President Reagan a "closet tolerant": he mouths all the Moral Majority pieties, but all the evidence of his own life, his family, his Hollywood friends, communicates a different message.

The notorious year-end "Yuppie" issue of *Newsweek* quoted a young woman who said she liked Reagan "for financial reasons" but voted for Mondale because of the Republican stance on abortion and other social issues. When the present economic euphoria inevitably begins to wear off, the Democrats will be able to make more converts like her if they're a bit smart and a bit courageous.

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR *has recently reviewed and recommends.*

Benjamin Constant and the Making of Modern Liberalism by Stephen Holmes (Yale University Press). A valuable study of a complex liberal thinker. (Reviewed 3/25/85)

Louise Bogan: A Portrait by Elizabeth Frank (Knopf). The tragic life of a sternly lyric poet, masterfully composed. (3/25/85)

Enlarging the Change: The Princeton Seminars in Literary Criticism, 1949-1951 by Robert Fitzgerald (Northeastern University Press). On hand at the inspiring birth of the Gauss Seminars. (3/18/85)

In Custody by Anita Desai (Harper & Row). A portrait of the country few foreigners know: the India that is Indian. (3/18/85)

Lucifer: The Devil in the Middle Ages by Jeffrey Burton Russell (Cornell University Press). A scholarly study of the devil's history and an impassioned meditation on the problem of evil. (3/18/85)

The Shadow of God and the Hidden Imam by Said Amir Arjomand (University of Chicago Press). An informative study of the relation between religion and state in Iran and Islam. (2/25/85)

The Painting of Modern Life: Paris in the Art of Manet and His Followers by T. J. Clark (Knopf). An original study of a decisive turning point in the history of art. (2/18/85)

For the Common Defense: A Military History of the United States of America by Allan R. Millett and Peter Maslowski (The Free Press). A superb single-volume survey of American military policy. (2/11/85)

The Intellectual Follies: A Memoir of the Literary Venture in New York and Paris by Lionel Abel (Norton). The life and times of the literary-political-Jewish intellectuals from 1930 onward. (2/11/85)

Equal Distance by Brad Leithauser (Knopf). An accomplished novel about Americans in Japan. (1/21/85)

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Media Wars

THE HYSTERIA had been building since January, when Samuel I. Newhouse Jr. bought 17 percent of *The New Yorker* magazine. Now that he has bought the rest of the stock, the outburst of high-minded ire among the middlebrow literati is almost uncontainable. Of course, the little old lady in Dubuque who is the magazine's bread and butter couldn't care less whether the owner is Mr. Fleischman or Mr. Newhouse (or Mr. Murdoch, for that matter). So what is all the fuss about? Maybe I'm not qualified to answer, since I read *The New Yorker* primarily for its cartoons and the ads (a preference, however, that doesn't distinguish me from most of its subscribers). Still, I think I can recognize the editor's genius in contriving, over 32 years, a publication whose editorial matter and posturing politics never intrude upon the stylish commerce in crystal glass, tennis clothes, and Caribbean vacations. Oh, I do understand that this is where I can read Saul Bellow and John Updike and Robert Heilbroner if I'm too impatient to wait for their books, which I'm not. This spreading out of books over two or three issues of a magazine is not, I'm afraid, editorial genius. If it weren't for the cash that accompanies first serial rights, this would be seen as periodical parasitism on the book trade and its intrinsically different editorial imagination. Yet aside from that of Kim Il Sung, the cult of William Shawn is the most tenacious cult of personality in the world today. One editorial tic for which "Mr. Shawn" is famous is buying major articles and then not publishing them—stockpiling them, instead, like grain before the advancing lean years. Perhaps the antitrust division of the Justice Department might look into this practice as a possible restraint of trade.

MY BREAKFAST NEWSPAPER, *The Boston Globe*, may not have libeled Ariel Sharon, but it has been blithely libeling the Israelis for years. The most recent example came March 5, after yet another death-happening in Lebanon, with a toll of a dozen. "The horror of yesterday's bomb blast in a Lebanese village is emblematic of a tragic pattern to the Israeli occupation . . . the bomb that exploded in a Shiite mosque in the Lebanese village of Maarakeh is destined to become, for the people of southern Lebanon, a symbol of Israeli brutality and incitement to revenge. From this moment on, Israel has on its northern borders an enemy at least as menacing as the PLO." At long last the *Globe* acknowledges here that the six-year-long PLO occupation of southern Lebanon was a menace to Israel. But what about the rest of that passage? What evidence is there that Israel is at all implicated in this explosion? In the Hobbesian world that is Lebanon, anything is possible. But there is no evidence whatsoever. After heaping abuse on Israel, the *Globe* coyly observes, though rather as an afterthought, that, "morally, it is of course important to know whether Israel is responsible for bombing the mosque in Maarakeh." How scrupulous.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE. The *Globe* editorial goes on to charge that a half-hour after the bombing, Israeli soldiers "stormed into a nearby hospital" and behaved "like cossacks"—an improvement on the more common simile, "like Nazis"—"beating the hospital director and kidnapping people who had come to donate blood for the bombing victims." These putative acts of the Israelis, the *Globe* wrote, "made all their compatriots into targets for revenge"—neatly legitimating Shiite terror. *The New York Times*'s account of the same incident indicates there is some dispute about what happened at the hospital. To find out more, I phoned my friend Hirsh Goodman, the military correspondent of *The Jerusalem Post* and *The Sunday Times* of London and no enthusiast of the Lebanese operation. Goodman happened to be with the Israeli unit that went to the hospital. His comment on the *Globe*'s description: "total bullshit." Yes, he said, the confrontation was rough, but the hospital director was not beaten up and no "blood donors" were kidnapped. "You have to understand the environment. This is a place where some holy man claps his hands and a whole community goes bonkers. The army wanted to know who had gotten killed, who had been wounded in the bombing. Two of the people killed, it turned out, headed terrorist operations for Amal, the Shiite militia, and were responsible for the deaths of many, many Israeli soldiers. The mosque is not simply an innocent place of prayer but a place where people are exhorted to holy war, where weapons are hidden, and where bombs are assembled. In fact the mosque was Amal's local headquarters." What probably happened, Goodman says, was that the terrorists blew themselves up making their own bombs. It's happened before.

SINCE THE MOSQUE BOMBING, there has been a car bombing in the Moslem quarter of Beirut, near the house of the leader of a rival Shiite faction, the Khomeiniist Party of God. Sheikh Fadlallah was killed with some 75 others. Some 200 were wounded. Inevitably, Lebanese politicians have pointed an accusing finger at the Israelis, and some also have accused the U.S. A more likely culprit is someone avenging one or another of the dozens of Lebanese recently murdered for having cooperated with Israel. But there are many plausible candidates, all addicted to indiscriminate vengeance: the Amal itself, frantically competing with the Hezbollah for the Shiite young; various other Moslem factions fearful of any surge in Shiism; the Christian Phalange; even the PLO. When the Hezbollah entered Sidon on the heels of President Gemayel's troops, who came on the heels of the departing Israelis, at least one man who had joined in the celebration was killed. "Why?" a reporter asked. "He put up a Palestinian flag so we shot him," answered another celebrant. That's how it is in Lebanon. The Shiites say they are trying to drive the Israelis out of Lebanon; the Israelis already have begun to go, grudgingly conceding they have far overstayed their welcome. Indeed, they have. But what are the Shiites resisting? The Israeli withdrawal? There is something quite crazed about the Shiites trying to tempt Israel into ever harsher retaliatory measures, which is what is likely to result from acts like the kamikaze attack on an Israeli personnel carrier actually crossing the border to the south. How do you deal with people who want to kill and also want to die? Watch for the horrors to escalate.

M.P.

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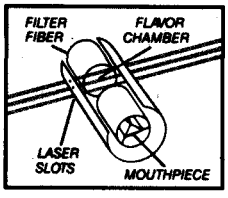

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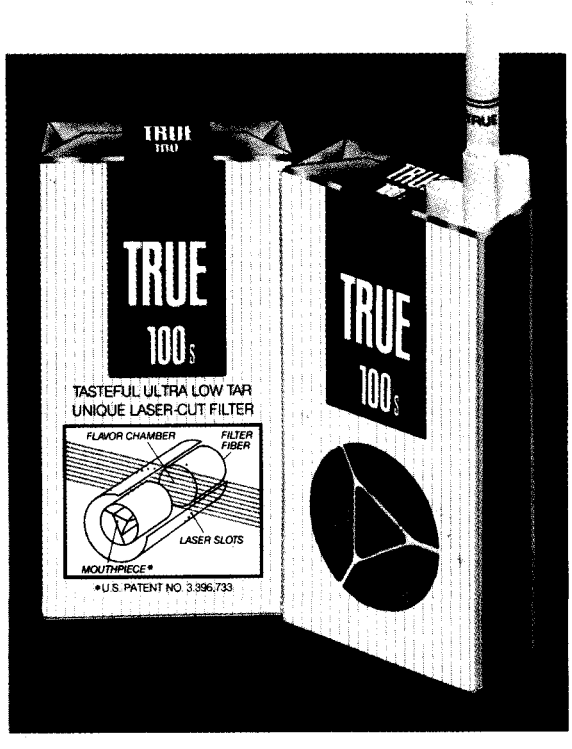

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